



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Bt from Stevens Cos.

Charles J. Drake

29261 e. 61

E1



Thomas Moore Esq^r

O D E S

OF

Anacreon,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH

NOTES.



BY

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

DUBLIN:

Printed by Robert Dapper,

FOR WILLIAM M'KENZIE, 33, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1804.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

IN allowing me to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honor, which I feel very sensibly; and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished, are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR,

with every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be necessary to mention, that in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the Order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions,

INDEX.

I N D E X.

ODE	HARNES.
1 ANAKPEΩN ἰδὼν με	63
2 Δοῖς μοι λυρὴν Ὀμηρεῖ	48
3 Ἀγε, ζωγραφῶν ἀρετὰ	49
4 Τὸν ἀργυρὸν τορεῦσαι	17
5 Καλῆσιχρα τορεῦσαι	18
6 Σίεφες πλεῖκων ποτ' ἔϊρον	59
7 Λογῶσιν αἱ γυναῖκες	11
8 Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ τυγῶ	15
9 Ἀφικ με τὴς διῶς σοι	31
10 Τί σοι θάλλεις ποιῶν	12
11 Ερῶλα κηρῖον τίς	10
12 Ὅς μιν καλῶν Κοῦρῶν	13
13 Θέλω, θέλω φιλησάιν	14
14 Εἰ φυλλὰ παῖλα διδῶν	32
15 Ερασμὴ πάλαι	9
16 Ἀγε, ζωγραφῶν ἀρετὰ	28
17 Γραφεῖ μοι Βαθύλλαν ἔϊλα	29
18 Δοῖς μοι, δοῖς γυναῖκες	21
19 Πάρα τὴν σκηνὴν Βαθύλλαν	22
20 Ἄς Μῦσαι τοῖς Ερῶλας	30
21 Ἢ γῆ μελαίνῃ πῖται	19
22 Ἡ Τάβαν ποτ' ἐγὼ	20
23 Θέλω λυγρὴν Ἀλκίδα	1
24 Φυσὸς κεφαλὰ ταύρου	2
25 Σὺ μιν φίλῃ χελιδνί	33

ODD

EARNES.

26	Συ μὲν λογέῃς τὰ Θέῃς	—	—	16
27	Ἐν ἰσχυαῖς μὲν ἵπποι	—	—	55
28	Ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης	—	—	45
29	Χαλεπὸν το μὲ φίλησαι	—	—	46
30	Ἐδοκίς οὐαὶ τροχαζέιν	—	—	44
31	Ἵτακιδιὴν μὲ ραβδῶ	—	—	7
32	Ἐπὶ μυσταῖς περὶναις	—	—	4
33	Μεσσηνικτοῖς ποτ' ἄραις	—	—	3
34	Μακαρίζομεν σε πατρίξ	—	—	43
35	Ἐρως ποτ' ἐν ροδαῖς	—	—	40
36	Ὁ πῶλος εἶχε χερσὶν	—	—	23
37	Δια-τυλίην συγκραδεύων	—	—	8
38	Διὰ τὸν πῶλον αἶνον	—	—	41
39	Φίλῃ γερύλλῃ τερπνον	—	—	47
40	Ἐκπύδῃ βρόλος εὐχόμεν	—	—	24
41	Τὶ παῖδον ἐστὶ βαδίζειν	—	—	66
42	Πόθεν μὲν διενυσεν	—	—	42
43	Σίεφαις μὲν κροταφοῖσι	—	—	6
44	Τὸ ροδὸν το τῶν γρύλων	—	—	5
45	Ὅταν πῶλον τὸν ὄνον	—	—	25
46	Ἰδί, πῶς ἱάρος φαιεῖλος	—	—	97
47	Ἐγὼ γάρ μιν εἶμι	—	—	38
48	Ὅταν ὁ Βακχος ἐκπύδῃ	—	—	26
49	Του-Διὸς ὁ παῖς-Βακχος	—	—	27
50	Ὅτ' ὄγῳ πῶν τὸν αἶνον	—	—	39
51	Μὴ μὲ φυγῆς οὐρα	—	—	34
52	Ὅ μὲν-τὸν κομῆς-ἀδασκίς	—	—	36
53	Ὅτ' ὄγῳ τῶν ἡμιδῶν	—	—	54
54	Ὁ πῶλος ὅλος αὖ πῶν	—	—	35

ODE

BARNES.

55	Σταναθφορέ μετ' ἑρος	—	—	53
56	Ὅ τινι ποταμὸς αἰετῇ	—	—	50
57	Ἀρα τίς τορνεύει πούλον	—	—	51
58	Ὅ δρακίνας μ' ὁ Χρυσός	—	—	65
59	Τοι μελατοχρῆλα βοτρυν	—	—	52
60	Λαβὰ βαρβίλον δότησιν	—	—	64
* * * * *				
61	Πολλοὶ μεν ἡμῖν ἦδη	—	—	56
62	Ἀλλ' ὅθι, φερ' ἡμῖν, ὦ παῖ	—	—	57
63	Τὸν Ἑρμῆα γὰρ τοῦ αἴβρον	—	—	58
64	Γυγνῆμαι σ' εὐαφῆβος	—	—	60
65	Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δὴ με	—	—	61
66	Θεῶν ἀνασσα, Κυπρί	—	—	62
67	Ὡ παῖ παρθένον βλεπών	—	—	67
68	Ἐγὼ δ' ὡς αἰ Αἰμαλθίης	—	—	68

For the order of the rest, see the Notes.

AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ἘΠΙ ροδῶνις ταπηνῶν
 Τηῶς ποτ' ὁ μελιγης
 Ἰλαρος γελῶν ἐκείλο·
 Μεδυν τὲ καὶ λυριζῶν·
 Ἀμφι αὐλοῖν ἐ δ' ἐρωῖες
 Ἀπαλοὶ συνεχορευσαν·
 Ὅ βάλῃ τὰ τῆς Κυθήρης
 Ἐποιῶ, ψυχῆς οἴγης·
 Ὅ δὲ λευκα πορφυροῖσι
 Κρίνα σὺν ροδόσι πλεξάας,
 Ἐφίλει γεφύῃ γειρόν·
 Ἥ δὲ θειαν ἀνάσσα,
 ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' ἐξ' Ὀδυμῆα
 Ἐσορῶς Ἀνακρεοῖα,
 Ἐσορῶσα τῆς ἐρωῖας,
 Ὑπομειδασσας εἰπε·
 Σοφί, δ' ὡς Ἀνακρεοῖα
 Τοῖς σοφῶτάδ' ἀπαλῶν,
 Καλεῖσιν οἱ σοφίται,
 Τί, γερῶν, τῶν βίον μεν
 Τοῖς ἐρωσι, τῷ Λυαίῳ;
 Κ' ἔκ μοι κρᾶνεν ἑδῶκας;
 Τί φιλημα τῆς Κυθήρης,
 Τί κυπέλλα τῇ Λυαίῳ,
 Αἶψ' ἢ ἰρρυφσας ἀδῶν,

Οὐκ·

Οὐκ' ἐμὲς νομὲς διδάσκοντες,
 Οὐκ ἐμὸν λαχὼν αἰῶν ;
 Ὅ δὲ Τηϊὸς μαλ' ἔστι
 Μῆτι δυσχεραίνει, φησι,
 Ὅτι, θεᾶ, σὺ γ' αὖτε μῆτι
 Ὁ σοφώτατος ἀπαύων
 Παρα τῶν σοφῶν καλεσμαι·
 Φίλει, πῶ, λυρίζω,
 Μῆλα τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν·
 Ἀφελὼς δὲ τέρπτα παίζω,
 Ὡς λυρὴ γάρ, ἐμὸν ἦτορ
 Ἀναπνέει μόνος ἐρωϊαί·
 Ὡδὲ βιόβη γαλήνην
 Φίλει, μαλ' ἔστι παύων,
 Οὐ σίφος μελωδὸς ἐμῇ·
 Τῆς σοφώτερος μὲν ἐστὶ ἐγώ·

REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes*, who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected a few trifling anecdotes, which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and

* He is quoted by Athenæus-*εἰς τὴν τῆς τοῦ Ἀνακρέοντος.*

and romance *, and is too often supported by unfaithful citation †.

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where every thing respired voluptuousness ‡. The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ §, and he flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the

* The History of Anacreon, by Monsieur Gacon (le poëte sans fard), is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him in his old age at a country villa near Téos?

† The learned Monsieur Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. See Dictionnaire Historique, &c. Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

‡ The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecere Poetæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Aptimachus, &c." Solinus.

§ I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious; but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy*.

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs, he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects†.

The

* This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

† *Ἀνακρέων Σαμιοῖς Πολυκράτην ἡμέρωσε.* Maxim. Tyr. § 22. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

The amours of the poet, and the rivalry of the tyrant *, I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Phanathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of
genius,

* In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the goddess Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

gends, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the maids and the loves were wafted with him to Athens*.

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choaked by a grape-stone †; and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Caius Calpurnius alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:

* Them.

* There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called "Anacreon Citoyen."

† Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uva passâ acino tandem suffocatus, & credimus Suidæ in *οινω*; alii enim hoc mortis genere perisse tradunt Sophoclem." Fabricii Bibliothec. Græc. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Hegnier's introduction to his Anacreon.

* Then, hallow'd Sage, those lips which pour'd along
 The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
 A grape has clos'd for ever !
 Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
 Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,
 In bands that ne'er shall sever !

But far be thou, oh ! far, unholy vine,
 By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
 Expir'd his rosy breath ;
 Thy god himself now blushes to confess,
 Unholy vine ! he feels he loves thee less,
 Since poor Anacreon's death !

There can scarcely be imagined a more delightful theme for the warmest speculations of fancy to wanton upon, than the idea of an intercourse between Anacreon and Sappho. I could wish to believe that they were cotemporary : any thought of an interchange between hearts so congenial
 in

* At te, sancte senex, acinus sub tartara misit ;
 Cygneæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
 Vos, hederæ, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite lauri
 Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco ;
 At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa faceffat,
 Quæ causam diræ protulit, uva, necis,
 Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
 In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

Cælius Calcagninus has translated or imitated the epigrams
 ἡς τῶν Μυρτοῦς βῆν which are given under the name of Anacreon.

in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it; but the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism*.

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart†. We find him there

* Barnes is convinced of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho; but very gratuitously. In citing his authorities, it is strange that he neglected the line which Fulvius Ursinus has quoted, as of Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:

Εκεί ληβόν σκώπεε Ζαφύη παρθένος ἑδωμένη.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been cotemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as also Olaus Borrichius; &c. &c.

† An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote.

Lyzam, Venerem, Cupidinamque

Senex ludit Anacreon poeta.

Sed quo tempore nec capaces

Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis

Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis

Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,

Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantia.

there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth; and the cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically through all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those vices in our estimate which ethnic religion not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon*.

OF

To Love and Bacchus ever young,
 While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
 He neither felt the loves he sung,
 Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
 Those flowery days had faded long,
 When youth could act the lover's part;
 And passion trembled in his song.
 But never, never, reach'd his heart.

* Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration, but he is always extravagant

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that perhaps it were better to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and fingering to the lyre; but the head prefixed to this work * has been considered

extraneous, if not sometimes even profane. Monsieur Baillet, who is in the opposite extreme, exaggerates too much the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité." Jugement des Sçavans, M.CV.

Barnes could not have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question is manifest irony, in allusion to some reprehension which Le Fevre had suffered for his Anacreon; and it is evident that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpinus de Utilitate Poëtica, who vindicates our poet's reputation.

* It is taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Heliorius has copied the same head into his Imagines. Johannea Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters ΤΕΙΟΣ around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin in the left, with the word ΤΙΑΝΩΝ inscribed, "Volendoci denotare (says Canani) che quelli cittadini la cenassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one, which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon.

considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have taught that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent suavity of expression which should characterize the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon *, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty; nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity †. They are all beauty, all enchantment

Anacreon. It has the word *THIΩN*, incircled with an ivy-crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem nobilem lyricum?" De Wilde.

* Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace alludes to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17. The scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

† See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, &c. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 44. "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c." Dissertations Academicae, de Poetis. Diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him in a pun; speaking of the *μελὸς*, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solus."

ment *. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tenderneſs which form the ſpiritual part of affection; their expreſſion of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived of its moſt captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained ſome ideas of this gallantry; and the ſame delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement,

ſolem dedit hæc μῆλας ſed etiam in ipſis mella." See the paſſage of Rapiſ, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing the following very ſpirited apoſtrophe of the author of the Commentary, prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos ſublimis animæ, vos Apollinis alumni, qui poſt uſum Alcibiadem in totâ Helladæ lyricam poeſim exſuſcitatiſtis, coluiſtiſtis, amplificatiſtis, quæſo vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri ſuauitate palmam præripuerit." See likewiſe Vincenzo Gravina della Rag. Poetic. Libro primo, p. 97. Among the Ritratti del Cavaliere Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning *Cingetemi la fronte*, &c. &c.

* "We may perceive," ſays Voſſius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the ſweetneſs of his ſtyle." Henry Stephen remarks the ſame beauty in a note on the forty-fourth Ode. This figure of iteration is his moſt appropriate grace. The modern writers of Juvenilia and Baſia have adopted it to an exceſs which deſtroys the effect.

ment, prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language, which has filled the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions, which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be imitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to live in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied

varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment*. The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment†.

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison,

* In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by Citizens Le Sueur, Gossec, Méhul, and Cherubini—"On chante du Latin et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients, and they have all mistaken the accentuation of the words.

† The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9.). The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

rison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity*. Sappho and Alceus were among the victims of this violation; and the sweetest flowers of Grecian literature fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was canonized by the interest of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive†; and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written *Anacreontics*, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unamutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

Nec si quid olim lussit Anacreon
Delevit ætas.

The

* See what Colomescius, in his "*Literary Treasures*," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in *Flaxter*. Colomescius, after citing the passage, adds, "*Hæc auro contrita carâ non potui non apponere.*"

† We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

Αγα μοι λιγυτα φερμιγξ
Μετα Τηϊαν ανδαν,
Μετα Λισβιαν τε μολπων.

Marganius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious *Anacreontics*.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "*Anacreon Recantatus*," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit*, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

His metre has been very frequently adopted by the modern Latin poets. Scaliger, Taubmannus, Barthius†, and others, have evinced, that it is by no means uncongenial with that language‡. The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however,

* This, perhaps, is the "*Jesuita quidam Græculus*" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an *Ανακρεων Χριστιανος*, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

† I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

‡ Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:

ever, scarcely deserve the name; they are glittering with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus*, have preserved more happily than any, the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, frequently passing through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have sported on the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabrier and others†. If we may judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations: and Hagedorn‡ is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu,

Fidii tui minister
 Gaudebo semper esse
 Gaudebo semper illi
 Litare thure mulo;
 Gaudebo semper illum
 Laudare pumillilis
 Anacreonticillis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. There is a very beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius. See Lib. i. Farraginis.

* From Angerianus, Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects.

† See Crescimbeni, *Historia della Volg. Poes.*

‡ L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacreon. Dorat, *Idée de la Poésie Allemande.*

Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have professed too, to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras * we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the 7th ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition†. In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world‡, accompanied with

* See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guaſco.

† Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist.

‡ Ronſard commemorates this event :

with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781, published at Rome a fac. simile of the pages

Je vay boire à Henri Etienne
 Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
 Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
 La douce lyre Teienne.—Ode xv. Book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
 Who rescued from the gloom of night
 The Teian bard of festive fame,
 And brought his living lyre to light.

pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon*.

Monfieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is by Colomesius attributed to John Dorat†.

The old French translations, by Ronfard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated

* This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams; and in the 676th page of it are found the *ἠναικίδια συμμορσiana* of Anacreon.

† “Le même (M. Vossius) m’a dit qu’il avoit possédé un Anacreon, ou Scaliger avoit marqué de sa main, qu’Henri Etienne n’étoit pas l’auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat. Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius — almost all these Particularités begin with “M. Vossius m’a dit.”

communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronfard before he published it, by a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet*.

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation †.

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter, London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Monsieur Gaçon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those

* "La fiction de ce sonnet comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacreon, encore non imprimé, qu'il a depuis traduit *συ μεν φιλη χελιδων*."

† The author of *Nouvelles de la Repub. des Lett.* praises this translation very liberally. I have always thought it vague and spiritless.

those by Corfini, Regnier*, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors †.

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760‡.

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Citoyen Gail, at Paris, 7th year, 1799, with a prose translation.

* The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, bestowed some research on the subject by a passage in the *Menagiana*—"C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conferer des manuscrits en Italie dans le tems que je travaillois sur Anacreon." *Menagiana*, seconde partie.

† I find in Haym's *Notizia de' Libri rari*, an Italian translation mentioned, by Cappone in Venice, 1670.

‡ This is the most complete of the English translations.

ODES

O D E S

OF

Anacreon.

ODE I.

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure ;
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering fight ;
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery die,
But beauty sparkled in his eye ;

Sparkled

This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilus, have been misled by the words *τὸ αὐτὸ βασιλικὸς* in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
 Through the mist of soft desire.
 His lip exhal'd, when'er he sigh'd,
 The fragrance of the racy tide ;
 And as with weak and reeling feet,
 He came my cordial kifs to meet,
 An infant, of the Cyprian band,
 Guided him on with tender hand.
 Quick from his glowing brows he drew
 His braid, of many a wanton hue ;
 I took the braid of wanton twine,
 It breath'd of him and blush'd with wine !

I hung

Sparkled in his eyes of fire.

Through the mist of soft desire.] “ How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was φιλευνος ? ” there are surely many tell tales of this propensity ; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist, gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon : ὀφθαλμοὶ κλυζόμενοι, κυμαίνοντες ἐν αὐτοῖς, εἰς ἀφροδίσια καὶ εὐπαθείαν ἐπτοηται. ὅτε δὲ ἀδικοί, ὅτε κακῆργοι, ὅτε φύσεως φαυλῆς, ὅτε ἀμύση. Adamantius. “ The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love ; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry.”

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognum. Johan. Baptist. Portæ.

I took the braid of wanton twine,

It breath'd of him, &c.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his *Ερωτικά*, where he speaks of the garland which he

I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
 And ah ! I feel its magic now !
 I feel that even his garland's touch
 Can make the bosom love too much !

he had sent to his mistress. *Εἰ θεὸς βύλει τι φίλῳ χαρίζεσθαι, τὰ λειψάνα ἀντιπιμψον, μήκετι πνεύοντα ῥόδων μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺ.*
 " If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee !" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's.

" But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 " And sent it back to me ;
 " Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
 " Not of itself, but thee !"

And ah ! I feel its magic now !] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, is in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

*Ἐξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεῖαυσα Χαρίκλῳ
 Λαβὼν τῆς ἰδίας ἀμφέβαλε στεφανὺς,
 Πυρὸν οὖλον δαπτει με.*

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
 'T was then thy fingers slyly stole
 Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
 Which since has madden'd all my soul !

O D E II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
 Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
 But tear away the sanguine string,
 For war is not the theme I sing.
 Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
 I'm monarch of the board to-night;
 And all around shall brim as high,
 And quaff the tide as deep as I!
 And when the cluster's mellowing dew
 Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
 Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
 And reel us through the dance's round.
 Oh Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
 In wild but sweet ebriety!
 And flash around such sparks of thought!
 As Bacchus could alone have taught!
 Then give the harp of epic song,
 Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
 But tear away the sanguine string,
 For war is not the theme I sing!

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those, who consider κυπελλα θεσμων as an inversion of θεσμος κυπελλων.

ODE

O D E III.

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

• Monsieur La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

O D E IV.

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
 I do not from your labours ask
 In gorgeous panoply to shine,
 For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
 No—let me have a silver bowl,
 Where I may cradle all my soul;
 But let not o'er its simple frame
 Your mimic constellations flame;
 Nor grave upon the swelling side
 Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
 I care not for the glittering wane,
 Nor yet the weeping sister train.
 But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
 Their blushing tendrils round the bowl.
 While many a rose-lip'd bacchant maid
 Is culling clusters in their shade.

Let

This is the ode which Aulus Gellius tells us was performed by minstrels at an entertainment where he was present.

While many a rose-lip'd bacchant maid, &c.] I have given this according to the Vatican manuscript, in which the ode concludes

Let fylvan gods, in antic shapes,
 Wildly press the gushing grapes;
 And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
 Flit around on golden winglets;
 While Venus, to her mystic bower,
 Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

cludes with the following lines, not inserted accurately in any of the editions:

Ποιησον αμπελεις μοι
 Και βοτρυας κατ' αυτων
 Και μαιναδας τρυγασας,
 Ποιει δε ληνον οινε,
 Απνοδατας πατηντας,
 Της σατυρης γελωντας,
 Και χρυσης της πρωτας,
 Και κυθερν γελασας,
 Όμω καλω Λυαιω,
 Ερωτα κ' Αφροδιτην.

ODE

O D E V.

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
 Deep as the rich and holy vase,
 Which on the shrine of Spring repofes,
 When fhepherds hail that hour of rofes.
 Grave it with themes of chafte defign,
 Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
 Display not there the barbarous rites,
 In which religious zeal delights;
 Nor any tale of tragic fate,
 Which hiftory trembles to relate!
 No—cull thy fancies from above,
 Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
 Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrofial boy,
 Diftil the grape in drops of joy,
 And while he fmiles at every tear,
 Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,
 With fpirits of the genial bed,
 The dewy herbage deftly tread.

Let

Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Cælius Calpagninus, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi

Et fabre, et apte, et commodè, &c. &c.

Let Love be there, without his arms,
 In timid nakedness of charms;
 And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
 Blushing through the shadowy grove;
 While rosy boys disporting round,
 In circlets trip the velvet ground;
 But ah! if there Apollo toys,
 I tremble for my rosy boys!

Let Love be there, without his arms, &c.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicie nell' Arcadia :

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
 Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
 Scherzando insieme pargoletti e audi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
 A train of naked Cupids came,
 Sporting round in harmless ring,
 Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris :

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatuſ est amor.

Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,
 Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys;

I tremble for my rosy boys!] An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text; and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them :

Mà con lor non giuochi Apollo;
 Che in fiero riscò
 Col duro disco
 A. Giacinto fiaccò il collo,

ODE

ODE VI.

AS late I sought the spangled bowers,
 To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
 Where many an early rose was weeping,
 I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

I caught

The Vatican MS. pronounces this beautiful fiction to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has all the features of the parent :

et facile insitius

Noscitur ab omnibus

The commentators, however, have attributed it to Julian, a royal poet.

Where many an early rose was weeping,

I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius :

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos

Texit odoratis lilia cana rosas,

Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit amorem

Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.

Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis

Indemittus tentat solvere vincta puer,

Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas

Vidit et ora ipsos nata movere Deos.

Impositosque comæ ambrosios ut sentit odores

Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs :

" I (dixit) mea, quære novum tibi mater amorem,

" Imperio sedes hæc, erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,

A wreath of many mingled flowrets wove,

Within

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
 Was richly mantling by my side,
 I caught him by his downy wing,
 And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
 Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
 And Love now nestles in my soul!
 Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
 I feel him fluttering in my breast.

Within a rose a sleeping love she found,
 And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
 A while he struggled, and impatient tried
 To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
 But when he saw her bosom's milky swell,
 Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
 And caught th' ambrosial odours of her hair,
 Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
 "Oh! mother Venus" (said the raptur'd child
 By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguil'd),
 "Go, seek another boy, thou'lt lost thine own,
 "Hyella's bosom shall be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce
 in a poem, beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
 Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
 Lidia, &c. &c.

ODE

O D E. VII.

THE women tell me every day
 That all my bloom has past away.
 "Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
 "Behold this mirror with a sigh;
 "The locks upon thy brow are few,
 "And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
 Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
 I'm sure I neither know nor care;

But

Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem beginning

Nifa mi dice e Clori
 Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

*Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
 I'm sure I neither know nor care;*] Henry Stephen very
 justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the ori-
 ginal here :

Εγὼ δὲ τὰς κόμας μὲν
 εἰτ' εἶσι, εἰτ' ἀπυλλοῦ
 οὐκ ὄδα.

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus, what he thinks
 a similar instance of this simplicity of manner :

Ipsē quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Longepierre was a good critic; but perhaps the line which
 he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very ele-
 gant; at the same time I confess, that none of the Latin
 poets has ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the
 graces

But this I know, and this I feel,
 As onward to the tomb I steal,
 That still as death approaches nearer,
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
 And had I but an hour to live,
 That little hour to bliss I'd give!

graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into vulgar licentiousness.

That still as death approaches nearer,

The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;] Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age :

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis amantem?

Quisquis amat, nullâ est conditione, senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,

And with a smile my brow behold?

Lady dear! believe this truth,

That he who loves cannot be old.

ODE

O D E VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state
 Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
 I envy not the monarch's throne,
 Nor with the treasur'd gold my own.
 But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
 The fervour of my brows to shade;
 Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
 Amidst my hoary tresses flying.

To

"The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode. Vol. i. p. 24." Degen. Gail de Editionibus.

Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Polycrates, according to the anecdote in Stobæus.

I care not for the idle state

Of Persia's king, &c.] "There is a fragment of Archilochus in Plutarch, "De tranquillitate animi," which our poet has very closely imitated here; it begins,

Οὐ μοι τὰ Γυγῶ τῇ πολυχρυσῇ μέλει." Barnes.

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought:

Ψυχὴν ἐμὴν ἐρωτῶ,
 Τί σοι δελεῖς γενεσθαι;
 Θέλεις Γυγῶ, τὰ καὶ τὰ;

Be mine the odours, richly sighing,

Amidst my hoary tresses flying.] In the original, *μυρίαι καταβρέχειν ὑπνῆν*. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his

To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
 As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
 But if to-morrow comes, why then—
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
 And thus while all our days are bright,
 Nor Time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
 Let us the festal hours beguile,
 With mantling cup and cordial smile;
 And shed from every bowl of wine
 The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
 For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
 May come, when least we wish him present,
 And beckon to the fable shore,
 And grimly bid us—drink no more!

his beard with unguents. But he should have known, that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists; "*Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe*, célébré par le prophete Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours.*" Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent; he has introduced it in the following lines:

Hæc mihi cura, rosas et cingere tempora myrto,
 Et curas multo delapidare mæro.
 Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
 Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care, to twine the rosy wreath,
 And drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;
 To let my beard th' Assyrian unguent breathe,
 And give a loose to levity of soul!

* "*Sicut unguentem in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaron, Pscaume 132.*"

ODE

O D E IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
 Give me the mighty bowl I love,
 And let me sing, in wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"
 Alcæon once, as legends tell,
 Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
 Orestes too, with naked tread,
 Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
 And why? a murder'd mother's shade
 Before their conscious fancy play'd.
 But I can ne'er a murderer be,
 The grape alone shall bleed by me;
 Yet can I rave, in wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night."
 The son of Jove, in days of yore,
 Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,

And

The poet here is in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed,
 "amabilis insania."

Furor di poesia,
 Di lascivia, e di vino,
 Triplicato furore,
 Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.

Ritratti del Cavalier Marino,

This is as Scaliger expresses it:

—Infanire dulce
 Et sapidum furere furorem.

And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
 The quiver of th' expiring boy.
 And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
 Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
 But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
 No weapon but this flask of gold;
 The trophy of whose frantic hours
 Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
 Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

TELL me how to punish thee,
 For the mischief done to me?
 Silly swallow! prating thing,
 Shall I clip that wheeling wing?

Or,

This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet, Weisse, has imitated it, *Scherz. Lieder. lib. ii. carm. 5.* That Ramler also has imitated it, *Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335*; and some others. See Gail de Editionibus,

We are referred by Degen to that stupid book, the *Epistles of Alciphron*, tenth epistle, third book; where Iophon complains to Erastron of being awakened by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow! prating thing, &c.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus:

C

E.

Or, as Tereus did of old
 (So the fabled tale is told),
 Shall I tear that tongue away,
 Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
 How unthinking hast thou been!
 Long before the dawn was seen,
 When I slumber'd in a dream,
 (Love was the delicious theme!)
 Just when I was nearly blest,
 Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

Εἰ το συνεχὲς καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ταχέως λαλεῖν
 Ἦν τῷ φρονεῖν παρασημον, αἱ χελιδόνες
 Ἐλεγοντ' αὖ ἡμῶν σωφρονεσθῆναι τοῦτο.

If in prating from morning till night,
 A sign of our wisdom there be;
 The swallows are wiser by right,
 For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did of old, &c.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

ODE

O D E XI.

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
 "What in purchase shall I pay thee,
 "For this little waxen toy,
 "Image of the Paphian boy?"
 Thus I said the other day,
 To a youth who pass'd my way:
 "Sir," he answer'd, and the while
 Answer'd all in Doric style,
 "Take it, for a trifle take it;
 "Think not yet that I could make it;
 "Pray, believe it was not I;
 "No—it cost me many a sigh,
 "And I can no longer keep
 "Little gods, who murder sleep!"
 "Here, then, here, (I said with joy,)
 "Here is silver for the boy.

C 2

" He

It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel that the translation must appear very vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

And I can no longer keep

Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered the epithet *κατακταντα*; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

" He shall be my bosom guest,
 " Idol of my pious breast!"
 Little Love! thou now art mine,
 Warm me with that torch of thine;
 Make me feel as I have felt,
 Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
 I must burn in warm desire,
 Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

I must burn in warm desire,

Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!] Monsieur Longepierre conjectures from this, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he sometimes felt the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

ODE

O D E XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
 Roams the mount and haunted grove;
 Cybele's name he howls around!
 The gloomy blast returns the sound!
 Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring,
 The votaries of the laurell'd king
 Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
 And rave in wild prophetic dream,
 But frenzied dreams are not for me,
 Great Bacchus is my deity!

Full

*They tell how Atys, wild with love,
 Roams the mount and haunted grove;*] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or her jealousy, is a point which authors are not agreed upon.

Cybele's name he howls around, &c.] I have adopted the accentuation, which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele.

In montibus Cybelen
 Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring, &c.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger has thus alluded to it in his *Anacreontica* :

Semel ut concitus æstro,
 Veluti qui Clarias aquas,
 Ebibere loquaces,
 Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

Full of mirth, and full of him,
 While waves of perfume round me swim ;
 While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
 And you sit blushing by my side,
 I will be mad and raving too—
 Mad, my girl ! with love for you !

While waves of perfume, &c.] Spalletti has mistaken the import of *κορηδαις*, as applied to the poet's mistress : "*Meā fatigatus amicā.*" He interprets it, in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry.

ODE XIII.

I WILL ; I will ; the conflict's past,
 And I'll consent to love at last.
 Cupid has long with smiling art,
 Invited me to yield my heart ;
 And I have thought that peace of mind
 Should not be for a finite resign'd ;
 And I've repell'd the tender lure,
 And hop'd my heart should sleep secure.
 But, slighted in his boasted charms,
 The angry infant flew to arms ;
 He slung his quiver's golden frame,
 He took his bow, his shafts of flame,

And

And proudly summon'd me to yield,
 Or meet him on the martial field.
 And what did I unthinking do?
 I took to arms, undaunted too;

Assum'd

And what did I unthinking do?

I took to arms, undaunted too;] Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes reason as the armour against Love.

Ωπλισμαι προς πρωτα περι γρηγοισι λογισμον,
 Ουδε με νικησει, μονος εαν προς ενα.
 Θνατος δ' αθανατω συνελευσομαι. ην δε βοηθον
 Βακχον εχη, τι μονος προς δυ εγω δυναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
 And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
 Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd,
 But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
 Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
 Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic, that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
 Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend'io
 Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
 C'hor con l'humide piume
 Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
 Ma che farei s'io lo beveffi un giorno
 Bacce, nel tuo liquore?
 Sarei, piu che non sono chro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
 Was bathing in a neighbouring river,

Where,

Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
 And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
 Then (hear it, all you powers above !)
 I fought with Love ! I fought with Love !
 And now his arrows all were shed—
 And I had just in terrors fled—
 When, heaving an indignant sigh,
 To see me thus unwounded fly,
 And, having now no other dart,
 He glanc'd himself into my heart !

My

Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
 (Shepherd-youth ! the tale believe)
 'T was not a cooling, crystal draught,
 'T was liquid flame I madly quaff'd ;
 For Love was in the rippling tide,
 I felt him to my bosom glide.
 And now the wily, wanton minion
 Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion.
 This was a day of fatal star,
 But were it not more fatal far,
 If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
 I found this flutt'ring, young desire ?
 Then, then indeed my soul should prove,
 Much more than ever, drunk with love !

And, having left no other dart,

He glanc'd himself into my heart !] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines :

——I'm all o'er Love ;

Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
 He shot himself into my breast at last.

My heart—alas the luckless day!
 Receiv'd the God, and died away.
 Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
 Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
 Vain, vain, is every outward care,
 My foe 's within, and triumphs there.

O D E XIV.

COUNT me on the summer trees,
 Every leaf that courts the breeze;
 Count me, on the foamy deep,
 Every wave that sinks to sleep;

Then,

The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more, than, by a lively hyperbole, to tell us, that his heart unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Monsieur Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here :

Πρὸς Βίωνα,
 Εἰ ἀλσέων τὰ φύλλα,
 Λειμώνις τε ποίας,
 Εἰ νυκτὸς ἄσπρα πάντα,
 Παρκατὶς τε ψαμμὸς,
 Ἄλως τε κυματῶδη,

Then, when you have number'd these
 Billowy tides and leafy trees,
 Count me all the flames I prove,
 All the gentle nymphs I love.

First,

Διὸν, Βίαν, ἀριθμεῖν,
 Καὶ τὰς ἡμῶς ἐρωτὰς
 Διὸν Βίαν ἀριθμεῖν.
 Κερην, γυναῖκα, Χηραν,
 Σμικρὴν, Μίσσην, Μεγίστην,
 Ἀστυν τε καὶ Μελαιναν,
 Οἰσιαδάς, Νηπαιάς,
 Νηρηΐδας τε πάσας
 Ὅ σοι φίλος φίλησσι.
 Πάντων κορὸς μὲν ἔστιν.
 Αὐτὴν νεῶν Ἐρωτῶν
 Δεσποῖναν Ἀφροδίτην,
 Χρυσὴν, καλὴν, γλυκύσμιον,
 Ἐρασμιον, ποθεῖσιν,
 Αἰ μὸς τε φίλησαι
 Ἐργαίη μὴ δοκίμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
 Tell the billows of the floods,
 Number midnight's starry store,
 And the sands that crowd the shore;
 Then, my Bion, thou may'st count
 Of my loves the vast amount!
 I've been loving all my days,
 Many nymphs, in many ways,
 Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
 I've been doating all my life.
 Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
 Goddesses of groves and mountains,
 Fair and fable, great and small,
 Yes—I swear I've lov'd them all!

Every

First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I 'll grant you fifteen more.

In

Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's-lover ;
Oh ! I 'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever !

Count me, on the summer trees,

Every leaf, &c.] This figure is called, by the rhetoricians, *adynaton*, and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinity of kisses, which they require from the lips of their mistresses; in this Catullus led the way.

—Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores ;
Tam te basia multa basiare
Vesano satis, et super Catullo est :
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possant, nec mala fascinare lingua. *Carm: 7:*

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys, enamour'd lie !
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I 'll number.

St

In the sweet Corinthian grove,
 Where the glowing wantons rove,
 Chains of beauties may be found,
 Chains, by which my heart is bound;
 There indeed are girls divine,
 Dangerous to a soul like mine!
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
 Many in Ionia smile; -
 Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
 Caria too contains a host.

Sum

So many vermil, honied kisses,
 Envy can never count our blisses.
 No tongue shall tell the sum but mine;
 No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

In the sweet Corinthian grove,

Where the glowing wantons rove, &c.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and the number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and prostitution in her temple was a meritorious act of religion. Conformable to this was their constant and solemn prayer, that the gods would increase the number of their courtezans, We may perceive from the application of the verb *κοινοποιεσθαι* in Aristophanes, that the wantonness of the Corinthians became proverbial.

There indeed are girls divine,

Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece." Degen.

Monsieur de Pauw, the author of *Dissertations upon the Greeks*, is of a different opinion; he thinks that by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty, and accounts upon this supposition for a very singular depravation of instinct amongst them.

Sum these all—of brown and fair
 You may count two thousand there !
 What, you gaze ? I pray, you peace !
 More I'll find before I cease,
 Have I told you all my flames,
 'Mong the amorous Syrian dames ?
 Have I number'd every one,
 Glowing under Egypt's sun ?
 Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
 Deck the shrine of Love in Crete ;
 Where the God, with festal play,
 Holds eternal holiday ?
 Still in clusters, still remain
 Gade's warm, desiring train ;
 Still there lies a myriad more
 On the fable India's shore ;
 These, and many far remov'd,
 All are loving—all are lov'd !

Gade's warm, desiring train ; [The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladières of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author : " Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour ; le plan, le dessin, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs." Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes. Raynal.

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana sasseurat. Lib. iii. Epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem " De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

ODE XV.

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
 Thus your humid pinions move,
 Shedding through the air in showers
 Effence of the balmiest flowers?
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove..

Curious

The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of "The Pleasures of Memory," a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove,
 The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment; speaking of Doufa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden :

*Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre
 Postquam hominem nequit mittere, misit avem.*

Fuller tells us, that at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter, tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged. See Fuller's Holy War, cap. 24. book i.

Curious stranger ! I belong
 To the bard of Teian song ;
 With his mandate now I fly
 To the nymph of azure eye ;
 Ah ! that eye has madden'd many,
 But the poet more than any !
 Venus, for a hymn of love,
 Warbled in her votive grove,
 ('T was in sooth a gentle lay,)
 Gave me to the bard away.
 See me now his faithful minion,
 Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
 To his lovely girl I bear
 Songs of passion through the air.

Of

Ah ! that eye has madden'd many, &c.] - For *ῥοπαῖον*, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read *ῥοπαῖον*, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates. See Degen.

Venus, for a hymn of love,

Warbled in her votive grove, &c.] " This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus herself, the mother of the graces and the pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves !" Longepierre.

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist ; but poets have a licence for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprized under their general privilege of fiction.

Of he blandly whispers me,
" Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he 'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form, and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.

Far

This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book, "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronfard, Gialiano Gofelini, &c. &c. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his *Anacreontica* :

Olim lepore blando,
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret Amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace!



In the dialogue of Caspar Barlaeus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues

Mimic form, and soul infuse;] I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. *poëse*. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore.

The

Far away, my soul! thou art,
 But I've thy beauties all by heart.
 Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
 Silky twine in tendrils playing;
 And, if painting hath the skill,
 To make the spicy balm distil,

Let

The lovely maid that's far away.] If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress.

Βεβληκώς χρυσήν χειράς ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets straying,

Silky twine in tendrils playing;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his *Milesiacs*, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet *καλλιπλοκαμος* to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Janius's Dissertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the *Polyolbion* of Drayton, song the second, where observing, that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of women's special ornament, well-haired (*καλλιπλοκαμος*), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill,

To make the spicy balm distil, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: *ἐπαινῶ καὶ τὸν ἀνδρῶσαν τῶν ῥόδων καὶ θήμι γεγραφθαι αὐτὰ μετὰ τῆς οσμῆς*. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

Let every little lock exhale
 A sigh of perfume on the gale.
 Where her tresses' curly flow
 Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
 Let her forehead beam to light,
 Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
 Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
 In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
 Gently in a crescent gliding,
 Just commingling, just dividing.
 But hast thou any sparkles warm,
 The lightning of her eyes to form?
 Let them effuse the azure ray,
 With which Minerva's glances play,
 And give them all that liquid fire,
 That Venus' languid eyes respire.

O'er

*And give them all that liquid fire,
 That Venus' languid eyes respire.* } Marchetti explains thus the
 sense of the original :

Dipingili umidetti
 Tremuli e lascivetti,
 Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida,
 as La Fosse remarks :

Quel raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
 Negli umidi occhi tremule e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
 A brilliant ray of laughter lies.

Soft

O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and mellow'd red;
 Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses !
 Sweet petitioner for kisses !

Pouting

Soft as the broken, solar beam,
 That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

*Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose]* Thus Propertius, eleg. 3.
 lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
 Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus :

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses !

Sweet petitioner for kisses !] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of *χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιληματα*, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with all the authority

Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing Love's invasion.
 Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 Mould her neck, with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending;
 While airy charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil,
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;

A charm

authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius virus osculantur puella labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting. "Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114. lib. 1.

Then beneath the velvet chin,

Whose dimple shades a love within, &c.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitali
 Vestigio demonstrant molli tudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
 By the finger of Cupid imprest;
 There softness, bewitchingly simple,
 Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,

Shadow her limbs, but not conceal; &c. This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture,
 has

A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough—'t is she! 't is all I seek;
 It glows, it lives, it form will speak!

has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronfard is exceptionally minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "*questo che tu m' intendi*" should be always left to fancy.

ODE XVII.

AND now, with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
 Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light;

And

The reader, who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de *Pictura Veterum*, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in lapses bright,

Fall like streaming rays of light; &c.] He here describes the sunny hair, "*the flava coma*," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kobienzyck de *Luxu Romanorum*.

And there the raven's die confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
 Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon dies, enrich'd by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle, in his jetty glances,
 Power that awes, and love that trances;

Steal

Let not the braid, with artful twine, &c.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner, than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius,

Front, as fair as mountain snow,

And guileless as the dews of dawn, &c.] Torrentius, upon the words "*insignem tenui fronte,*" in the thirty-third ode of the first book of Horace, is of opinion that "*tenui*" bears the meaning of *απαλον* here; but he is certainly incorrect.

Mingle, in his jetty glances,

Power that awes, and love that trances; &c.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Lampeggiar

Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we by turns may hope and fear!
 Now from the funny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
 And there let Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play;

Blushes,

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
 Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
 Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti e belli
 Come esser puo ch' in un medesimo istante
 Nascan de voi sì nove forme et tante?
 Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil' altieri
 Vi mostrate in un punto, onde di speme,
 Et di timor ne empiete, &c. &c.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
 Whence in your little orbit lie
 So many different traits of fire,
 Expressing each a new desire.
 Now with angry scorn you darkle,
 Now with tender languish sparkle,
 And we who view the various mirror,
 Feel at once both hope and terror.

Monsieur Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan. Falconis, Anacreontici Lusus."

Blushes, of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
 Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them!
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
 Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
 And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there!
 His neck of ivory splendour trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
 With which he waves his snaky wand;

Let

Persuasion sleeping upon roses;] It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Οὐδ' ἀργυρὰν κατ' ἐλαμψε Πειθῶ.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
 In silver splendours, not her own.

*And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there!*] In the original λαλῶν
 σιωπῇ. The mistress of Petrarch “parla con silentio,” which
 is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, &c.] In Shakespeare's
Cymbeline there is a similar method of description:

D

—this

Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
 And Leda's son the finewy thigh.
 But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
 With all that glow of young desire,
 Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
 Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
 Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,
 Or its enamour'd touch would show
 His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in veiling shadow lies,
 Remov'd from all but fancy's eyes.

Now,

———this is his hand,
 His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules—

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire

With all the glow of young desire, &c.] I have taken the liberty here of somewhat veiling the original. Madame Dacier, in her translation, has hung out lights (as Sterne would call it) at this passage. It is very much to be regretted that this substitution of asterisks has been so much adopted in the popular interpretations of the Classics; it serves but to bring whatever is exceptionable into notice; "*claramque faciem præferre pudendis.*"

Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
 I see a godlike portrait there;
 So like Bathyllus! sure there's none,
 So like Bathyllus but the sun!
 Oh! let this pictur'd god be mine,
 And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
 Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then the deity!

———*But hold—forbear———*

I see a godlike portrait there; &c.] This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

“Bathyllus (says Madam Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Poly-crates raised to him.”

O D E XVIII.

NOW the star of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns !
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid I expire !
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.

Scarce

“ An elegant translation of this ode may be found in Ramler's *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. v. p. 403.” Degen.

Bring me wine, in brimming urns, &c.] Orig. *πῶτον ἀμυστι*. “ The amyftis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, ‘ Threiciâ vincat amyftide.’ Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, &c. &c.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (*Thesaur. Critic.* vol. i.), explains the amyftis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, “ uno haustu.” A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, “ Politianus vestem esse putabat,” but I cannot find where.

Give me all those humid flowers, &c.] By the original reading of this line, the poet says, “ Give me the flower of wine”—*Date flosculum Lyæi*, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
 Di quel alme e buon liquore,

Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow ;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.

But

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. *Ανθος* would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles.

Εσθλαδης γαρτα Σοφοκλεος, ανθος αυδωγ.

Abd flos in the Latin is frequently applied in this manner—thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, *Flos inlibatus populi, suadæque medulla*, “The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion,” in those verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii. which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us if we admit *ανθων*, according to Faber’s conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, and we need not have recourse to refinements.

Every dewy rose I wear

Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angeriauus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here :

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti ;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia’s arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover’s vow ;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then,

But for you, my burning mind !
 Oh ! what shelter shall I find ?
 Can the bowl, or flowret's dew,
 Cool the flame that scorches you ?

Then, if upon her bosom bright,
 Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
 Tell her, they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me !

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan's, "Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus, in the stanza which begins,

And thou, stony grate, in thy arch may'st preserve.

But for you, my burning mind ! &c. The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned ; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

ODE

O D E XIX.

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
 Sweet is this imbowering shade;
 Sweet the young, the modest trees,
 Ruffled by the kissing breeze!

Sweet

The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Ερχεο και κατ' ἑμὴν ἰζὺν πίπυν, ἢ τὸ μελιχρον
 Πρὸς μαλακὸν οὗρει κεκλιμένα ζεφυρὸς.
 Ἦνδε καὶ κρηνιστὰ μελισσᾶς, ἐνθα μελισσῶν
 Ἦδυν ἐρημαίαις ὑπνόν αἶψα καλαμοῖς·

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
 That covers my sylvan retreat;
 And see how the branches incline
 The breathing of zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
 Around me a glittering spray;
 By its brink as the traveller muses;
 I sooth him to sleep with my lay!

Here recline you, gentle maid, &c.] The Vatican MS. reads βαθυλλῷ, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of βαθυλλον, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy αἴνρ. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There

Sweet the little founts that weep,
 Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
 Hark! they whisper as they roll,
 Calm persuasion to the soul:
 Tell me, tell me, is not this
 All a stilly scene of bliss?
 Who, my girl, would pass it by?
 Surely neither you nor I!

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in: *Diactius*, which turns upon the same word.

Αἴτηρ πρὶν μὲν εὐλαμπὲς ἐν ζῳοῖσιν ἦν
 Νῦν δὲ θάνατον, λαμπρὸς ἵσπερος ἐν θοῖμασιν.

In life thou wert my morning-star,
 But now that death has stol'n thy light,
 Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
 Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the *Veneris Blyenburgicæ*, under the head of "allusions," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?

Surely neither you nor I!] What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

ODE

O D E XX.

ONE day, the Muses twin'd the hands
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.

His

By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence, which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impression of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

Ἄ Κυπρίε Μουσάισι, κερασία τὰν Ἀφροδίταν
Τίματ' ἢ τὸν ἔρωτα ὑμῖν ἐφελισσάμαι.
Ἄι Μοῦσαι ποτὶ Κυπρίν. Ἀρεὶ τὰ σμήνυλα ταῦτα
Ἡμῖν ἢ πῖτταιται τὸ το παιδάρην.

“ Yield to my gentle power, Parnasian maids ;”
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—
“ Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,
“ And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms !”
“ No,” said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
“ We scorn thine own and all thy urchin’s art ;
“ Though Mars has trembled at the infant’s power,
“ His shaft is pointleſs o’er a Muſe’s heart !”

There is a ſonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was ſuggeſted by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia :
E tanto era il piacer ch' ei ne ſentia,
Che non ſapea, né voleva uſcirne fore.

His mother comes with many a toy,
 To ransom her beloved boy;
 His mother sues, but all in vain!
 He ne'er will leave his chains again.

Nay,

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
 Sì, che per forza ancor convien che sia :
 Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
 Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
 A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
 Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
 Ma ei vinto a due occhi l'arme cede :
 Et t'affatichi indarno, Citerea ;
 Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
 Of my beloved's hair,
 Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
 And, floating, linger'd there.

And soon he found 't were vain to fly,
 His heart was close confin'd;
 And every curllet was a tie,
 A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
 With ransom from above :
 But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
 For Love's the slave of love.
 And, should we loose his golden chain,
 The prisoner would return again!

*His mother comes, with many a toy,
 To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] Venus thus proclaims the
 reward for her fugitive child in the first idyll of Moschus :*

'O

Nay, should they take his chains away,
 The little captive still would stay.
 "If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
 "Who could wish for liberty!"

Ὁ μαυρὸς γὰρ ἐξεί,
 Μισθὸς τοι, τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κυπρίδος. ἢ δ' ἀγαθὸς νῦν
 Ὀν γυμνὸν τὸ φίλαμα, τὴν δ' ἄ ξενε, καὶ πλέον ἐξείεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
 A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
 But he, who can bring me the wanderer here;
 Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more" is the quidquid post oscula dulce of Secundus.

After this ode, there follow in the Vatican MS. these extraordinary lines:

Ἡδυμελὴς Ἀνακρεὼν
 Ἡδυμελὴς δὲ Σαπφὼ
 Πινδαρικὸν τὸ δὲ μοι μέλος
 Συγκρασας τις ἐγγχει
 Τὰ τρία ταῦτα μοι δοκεῖ
 Καὶ Διονυσὸς εἰσέλθων
 Καὶ Παφὶν παραχρᾶτος
 Καὶ αὐτὸς ἔρως καὶ ἐκμιν.

These lines, which appear to me to have as little sense as metre, are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber.

O D E XXI.

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry.
 She drinks the droppings of the sky;
 And then the dewy cordial gives
 To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.

The

The commentators who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Monsieur Gail very wisely thinks that the poet uses the epithet *μαλαίη*, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject. See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard :

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus
 Sic tellas pluvias sole perusta bibit.
 Sic bibit assidue fontes et flumina Pontus,
 Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
 Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
 Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.
 Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, the little hour
 In drinking still unvaried flew;
 I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
 Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
 As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
 Or flushing sun inhales the sea :
 Silenus trembled at my cup,
 And Bacchus was outdone by me !

I cannot

ODES OF ANACREON.

The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of *Shakespeare*, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude :

TIMON, ACT IV.

I'll example you with thievery.
'The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
'The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrements.

ODE

O D E XXII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

Oh!

Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness however of a very graceful Muse; ludit amabiliter. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements; that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select an epigram of Dionysius.

Εἰθ' ἀνεμὸς γινομένη, σὺ δὲ γὰρ εὐχόμενα παρ' αὐγὰς,
Σταθεὰ γυμνωσάσῃ, καὶ με πτερόντα λαβοῖς.
Εἴθε ῥόδον γινομένη ὑποπορφύρον, ὅφρα με χερσὶν
Ἀρμένῃ, κομισαῖς εὐθείῃ χιόντις.
Εἴθε κρίνον γινομένη λευκοχρῶρον, ὅφρα με χερσὶν
Ἀρμένῃ, μάλλον σὺς χροτὶς κορροῖς.

I wish

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
 To sparkle with that smile divine;
 And like my heart I then should be,
 Reflecting thee, and only thee!

Or

I wish I could like zephyr steal
 To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
 And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
 And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
 And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
 And place me on that breast of snow,
 Where I should bloom, a win'try flower.

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
 To fade upon that bosom warm;
 There I should wither, pale and brief,
 The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish
 in a distich preserved by Laertius.

Ἀστὴρας ἐπισπῶμαι, ἀστὴρ ἑμὸς. εἴθε γένοίμην
 Ὀφθαλμὸς, ὥς πολλοὶς ὀφθαλμοῖν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
 Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
 And every star should be an eye,
 The wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to
 justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his
 Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon;
 "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos
 Teius quidam, &c. &c."

Or were I, love, the robe which flows

O'er every charm that secret glows,

In many a lucid fold to swim,

And cling and grow to every limb!

Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave,

Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,

Or float as perfume on thine hair,

And breathe my soul in fragrance there!

I wish I were the zone, that lies

Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs;

Or like those envious pearls that show

So faintly round that neck of snow,

Yes, I would be a happy gem,

Like them to hang, to fade like them;

What

I wish I were the zone, that lies

Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs ;] This *raïon* was a riband, or band, called by the Romans *fascia* and *strophium*, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial :

Fasciâ crescentes dominæ compeſce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders, for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

What more would thy Anacreon be?

Oh! any thing that touches thee.

Nay, sandals for those airy feet—

Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

Nay, sandals for those airy feet,—

Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought: *ω αἰδοί μοι ποδες. ω καλλος ελευθερος. ω τρισυδαιμων εγω και μακρυος εαν πατησεις με.* "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakespear, Romeo desires to be a glove:

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek.

And, in his *Passionate Pilgrim*, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line:

He, spying her, bounc'd in, where as he stood,

"O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, that whimsical farraige of "All such reading as was never read," there is a very old translation of this ode, before 1632. "Englified by Mr. B. Holiday in his Technog, act 1. scene 7."

ODE

O D E XXIII.

I OFTEN with this languid lyre,
 This warbler of my soul's desire,
 Could raise the breath of song sublime,
 To men of fame, in former time.
 But when the soaring theme I try,
 Along the chords my numbers die,
 And whisper, with dissolving tone,
 "Our sighs are given to love alone!"
 Indignant at the feeble lay,
 I tore the panting chords away,
 Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
 And struck again the breathing shell;

In

This ode is first in the series of all the editions, and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest; it however characterizes the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it.

—cum multo Venerem confundere mero
 Precepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis. Ovid.

The twenty-sixth Ode οὐ μὲν λυγρὸς τὰ θεῶν, might, with as much propriety, be the harbinger of his songs.

Bion has expressed the sentiments of the ode before us with much simplicity in his fourth idyll. I have given it rather paraphrastically; it has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire,
 To Hercules I wake the lyre !
 But still its fainting sighs repeat,
 " The tale of love alone is sweet !"
 Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
 That mad'st me follow Glory's theme ;
 For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
 Shall never more in spirit part ;
 And thou the flame shalt feel as well
 As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell !

In all the glow of epic fire,

To Hercules I wake the lyre !] Madam Dacier generally translates λυρη into a lute, which I believe is rather inaccurate. " D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says Monsieur Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique. Bibliothèque Française.

But still its fainting sighs repeat,

" *The tale of love alone is sweet !*" The word ἀνταφώνου, in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes : " όταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω και όταν αυτη αποκρινεται." Περὶ ἰδίων Τόμ. δευτ.



ODE

ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the airs of Heaven;
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.
 When the majestic bull was born,
 She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn.
 She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
 And wing'd with speed the panting hare.

She

Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems :

*Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
 Et sua fœmineum possidet arma genus,
 Ungulâqua ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
 Armata est formâ fœmina pulchra suâ.*

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Cœrissa in *Pastor Fido* :

*Così noi la bellezza
 Ch'è vertu nostra così propria, come
 La forza del Leone
 E l'ingegno de l'huomo.*

The lion boasts his savage powers,
 And lordly man his strength of mind;
 But beauty's charm is solely ours,
 Peculiar boon, by heaven assign'd !

“ An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in *Grimm en den Anmerkkn. Vêber einige Oden des Anakr.* ”

She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
 To trace their liquid path along;
 While for the umbrage of the grove,
 She plum'd the warbling world of love,
 To man she gave the flame refin'd,
 The spark of Heav'n—a thinking mind!
 And had she no surpassing treasure,
 For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
 She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
 That every shaft of war outflies!

She

*To man she gave the flame refin'd,
 The spark of heav'n—a thinking mind!*] In my first attempt
 to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονιμα, with Baxter
 and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do
 not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import
 which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider
 this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the
 design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above
 all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even
 refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the
 radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom
 and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

—the books, the academies,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

*She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
 That every shaft of war outflies!*] That Achilles Tatius:
 πολλος οξυτερον τρωσκει βελος και δια των οφθαλμων εις την
 ψυχην καταρρει. Οφθαλμος γαρ οδος σρωτικου τραυματι. "Beauty
 wounds

She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
 That bids the flames of war retire !
 Woman ! be fair, we must adore thee !
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee !

wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul ; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Woman ! be fair, we must adore thee ;

Smile, and a world is weak before thee !] Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious : "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act II. scene I. Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

"Fortis, id est formosa," say Servius and Nonius"

ODE

O D E XXV.

ONCE in each revolving year,
 Gentle bird! we find thee here.
 When Nature wears her summer vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
 But when the chilling winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
 Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
 And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
 Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
 That linger in this hapless breast,
 And never, never change their nest!

Still

This is another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch' io pianga al tuo canto
 Rondinella importuna, &c.

Alas! unlike the plumed loves,

That linger in this hapless breast,

And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia.

Λίβε μοι δύνη μὲν ἐν ἡμῖν ἤχηε πρῶτος,

Θέμμα δὲ σίγα ποθοῖς το γλυκύ δακρυ φέρει.

Εὐδ' ἢ νυξ, οὐ φεγγός ἐκοιμίσεν, ἀλλ' ἔπο φίλτρων

Ἡδε κα πρᾶδι γνώρος ἐνέρι τυπος.

Ω πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐπιπτασθῆαι μὲν πρῶτις

Οἶδατ', ἀποπτηναὶ δ' ὑθ' ἴσσοι ἰσχυετῆ;

Still every year, and all the year,
 A flight of loves engender here;
 And some their infant plumage try,
 And on a tender winglet fly;
 While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
 Cluster a thousand more desires;
 Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
 And some in formless embryo sleeping.
 My bosom, like the vernal groves,
 Resounds with little warbling loves;
 One urchin imps the other's feather,
 Then twin-desires they wing together,
 And still as they have learn'd to soar,
 The wanton babies teem with more.
 But is there then no kindly art,
 To chase these cupids from my heart?
 No; no; I fear, alas! I fear
 They will for ever nestle here!

'T is Love that murmurs in my breast,
 And makes me shed the secret tear;
 Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
 For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
 And oh! 't is plain where Love has been;
 For still he leaves a wound behind,
 Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh bird of Love! with song so drear,
 Make not my soul the nest of pain.
 Oh; let the wing which brought thee here,
 In pity waft thee hence again!

ODE

O D E XXVI.

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
 Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
 With other wars my song shall burn,
 For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
 'T was not the crested warrior's dart,
 Which drank the current of my heart;
 Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
 Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
 No—from an eye of liquid blue,
 A host of quiver'd cupids flew;

E

And

"The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder, lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No—from an eye of liquid blue,

A host of quiver'd cupids flew ;] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this :

— Οὐ μὲ λελυθας

Τεξοτα, Ζηνοφίλας ομμασι κρυπταμενος.

Archer Love ! though slyly creeping,
 Well I know where thou dost lie ;
 I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
 That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronfard gives to the eyes of his mistress "*un petit camp d'amours.*"

ODE XXVII.

WE read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies

Through

This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler *Wahrzeichen der Liebe*, in *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. iv. p. 313."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,

The inlet to his bosom lies ;] "We cannot see into the heart,"
says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsieur

Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

Monsieur La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon :

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame which in his bosom lies;
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes:
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

O D E XXVIII.

AS in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nurs'd desire,
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;

E 2

While

This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs. *Journée Quatrieme.*

While Venus every barb imbues
 With droppings of her honied dew;
 And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
 Tinges with gall the burning dart;
 Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
 The crested Lord of battles came;
 'T was from the ranks of war he rush'd,
 His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
 He saw the mystic darts, and smil'd
 Derision on the archer-child.
 "And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
 "Take this dart, and thou mayst prove,
 "That though they pass the breeze's flight,
 "My bolts are not so feathery light."

He

While Love (alas! the victim-heart)

Tinges with gall the burning dart;] Thus Claudian—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
 Alter, et infusus corrumpit mella venenis,
 Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
 And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
 In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
 The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See the ninety-first emblem of Alciatus, on the close connexion which subsists between sweets and bitterness. *Apes ideo pungunt* (says Petronius) *quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies.*

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy :

—serus

He took the shaft—and oh! thy look,
 Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—
 He figh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
 He figh'd, in agony of heart,
 “It is not light—I die with pain!”
 “Take—take thy arrow back again.”
 “No,” said the child, “it must not be,
 “That little dart was made for thee!”

——ferus et Cupido
 Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
 Cote cruentâ.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
 Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the
 image by the omission of the epithet “cruentâ.”

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas? Eleg. I.

ODE

O D E XXIX.

YES—loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still;
 But surely 't is the worst of pain,
 To love and not be lov'd again !

Affection

*Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still; &c.]* Monsieur Menage,
 in the following Anacreontic, enforces the necessity of loving.

Περι τῷ δειν φιλησαι.

Πρὸς Πέτρον Δαυηλα ὕμνον,

Μεγα θαυμα τῶν αἰδῶν

Χαρίτων δαλος ὕμνε.

Φιλεῶμεν ὡμὲ ἱαίρε.

Φίλησαν οἱ σοφί

Φίλησε σεμνὸς ἀνὴρ,

Τὸ τέκνον τῷ Σωφρονίσκῳ,

Σοφίης πατρὸς ἀπάσης.

Τί δ' ἀνὲν γένοιτ' ἔρωτος;

Ἀκοὴ μὲν ἐστὶ ψυχῆς*.

Πτερυγισσὶν εἰς Ὀλύμπου

Κατακείμενος ἀναιρεῖ.

Βραδίᾳ τετηγμένοισι

Βελισσὶν ἐξαγείρει.

* This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene.

———ψυχῆς ἐστὶν ἔρως ἀκοή.

Menage, I think, says somewhere, that he was the first who produced this epigram to the world.

Πυρί

Affection now has fled from earth,
 Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
 Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
 From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.

Gold

Πυρι λαμπάδος φαίνω
 Ρυπαρώτερης καθαίρει.
 Φιλεσμένον ὦν ὕεττε,
 Φιλῶμεν ὡς ἑταίρε.
 Ἀδίκως δὲ λοιδόρωγτι
 Ἀγνῆς ἐρωτᾶς ἡμῶν
 Κακὸν εὐζομαι τὸ μῆνον
 ἵνα μὴ δύναϊτ' ἐκείνος
 Φιλεῖν τε καὶ φιλεῖσθαι

TO PETER DANIEL HURTT.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
 Thou! by all the graces nurs'd;
 Friend! each other friend above,
 Come with me, and learn to love.
 Loving is a simple lore,
 Graver men have learn'd before;
 Nay, the boast of former ages,
 Wisest of the wisest sages,
 Sophroniscus' prudent son,
 Was by love's illusion won.
 Oh! how heavy life would move;
 If we knew not how to love!
 Love's a whetstone to the mind;
 Thus 't is pointed, thus refin'd.
 When the soul dejected lies,
 Love can waft it to the skies;
 When in languor sleeps the heart,
 Love can wake it with his dart;
 When the mind is dull and dark,
 Love can light it with his spark!

Come

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh ! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant heaven !
Whose groveling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for fordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man ;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled !
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms !
And oh ! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart !

Come oh ! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste ;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away !
And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame ;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse ?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love !

ODE

O D E X X X.

T WAS in an airy dream of night,
 I fancied, that I wing'd my flight
 On pinions fleetier than the wind,
 While little Love, whose feet were twin'd:
 (I know not why) with chains of lead,
 Pursued me as I trembling fled;
 Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—
 Swift as the moment I was caught!
 What does the wanton Fancy mean
 By such a strange, illusive scene?
 I fear she whispers to my breast,
 That you, my girl, have stol'n my rest;
 That though my fancy, for a while,
 Has hung on many a woman's smile,
 I soon dissolv'd the passing vow,
 And ne'er was caught by love till now!

Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. I do not perceive any thing in the ode which seems to allude to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I must confess that I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

O D E XXXI.

ARMD with hyacinthine rod.
 (Arms enough for such a god,)
 Cupid bade me wing my pace,
 And try with him the rapid race.

O'er

The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram (I do not know where he found it), which has some similitude to this ode :

*Lectō compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
 Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
 Cum me sævus Amor pressam, sursumque capillis
 Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.
 Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
 Solus Io, solus, dure jacere potes?
 Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
 Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio,
 Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursusque redire
 Pœnitet; et pudor est stare via media.
 Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
 Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
 Solus ego ex cunctis pæveo somnumque torumque,
 Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.*

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
 My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
 When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
 And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.
 "What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
 "Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"

I rise

O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
 By tangled brake and pendent steep,
 With weary foot I panting flew,
 My brow was chill with drops of dew.
 And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
 To my lip was faintly flying;

And

I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
 Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way.
 Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
 Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
 Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
 Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard;
 I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
 Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
 Wander the world around, unknowing where,
 The slave of love, the victim of despair!

My brow was chill with drops of dew.] I have followed those who read τειγην ἰδρως for πειρην ὑδρος; the former is partly authorized by the MS. which reads πειρην ἰδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,

To my lip was faintly flying; &c.] In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Τὴν ψυχὴν Ἀγαθὸνα φίλων, ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν ἐσχον.
 Ἡλθε γὰρ ἡ τλημάτων ὥς διαβησεμένη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
 And drink thy breath, in melting twine,
 My soul then flutters to my lip,
 Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find many of those mignardises of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And now I thought the spark had fled,
 When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
 And fanning light his breezy plume,
 Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
 Then said, in accents half-reproving,
 " Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

And fanning light his breezy plume ;

Recall'd me from my languid gloom ;] " The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solitudes which he may occasion." La Fosse.

ODE XXXII.

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves,
 Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
 And while in luxury's dream I sink,
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink !

In

We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making Ερωs the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment. Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσιαισιν εν κυλικισιν αδρως συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ εινεχοντα τυτοισι τας εταιρας ημεις γα και σοις.

Which

In this delicious hour of joy,
 Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
 Folding his little golden vest,
 With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
 Himself shall hover by my side,
 And minister the racy tide!
 Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
 Our life is hurrying to the goal:
 A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
 Is all the trace 't will leave behind.
 Why do we shed the rose's bloom
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
 Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
 Affect the slumbering chill of death?

No;

Which may be thus paraphrased ::

Hither Venus! queen of kisses,
 This shall be the night of blisses!
 This the night, to friendship dear,
 Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
 Fill the golden brimmer high,
 Let it sparkle like thine eye!
 Bid the rosy current gush,
 Let it mantle like thy blush!
 Venus! hast thou e'er above
 Seen a feast so rich in love?
 Not a soul that is not mine!
 Not a soul that is not thine!

"Compare with this ode (says the German commentator)
 the beautiful poem in Ramler's *Lys. Blumenlese*, lib. iv. p. 206.
Amor als Dicner."

No; no; I ask no balm to steep
 With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
 But now, while every pulse is glowing,
 Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
 Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
 Upon my brow its scent expire;
 And bring the nymph with floating eye,
 Oh! she will teach me how to die!
 Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
 To join the blest elysian choir,
 With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
 I'll make my own elysium here!

X O D E XXXIII.

'T WAS noon of night, when round the pole
 The fullen Bear is seen to roll;
 And mortals, wearied with the day,
 Are slumbering all their cares away.

An.

Monfieur Bernard, the author of *l'Art d'aimer*, has written a ballet called "*Les Surprises de l'Amour*," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. *Œuvres de Bernard. Anac. scene 4th.*

The.

An infant, at that dreary hour,
 Came weeping to my silent bower,
 And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
 To save him from the midnight air !
 " And who art thou," I waking cry,
 " That bid'st my blisful visions fly ?"
 " O gentle fire !" the infant said,
 " In pity take me to thy shed ;
 " Nor fear deceit, a lonely child
 " I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
 " Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
 " Illumes the drear and misty way !"
 I heard the baby's tale of woe ;
 I heard the bitter night-winds blow ;
 And sighing for his piteous fate,
 I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.
 'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,
 His pinion sparkled through the night !

I knew

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii. " Amor und sein Bruder," and a poem of Kleist die Heilung. La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated this ode.

" And who art thou," *I waking cry,*

" *That bid'st my blisful visions fly ?*"] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite, &c.] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschut, in his first idyll.

I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart !
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
" I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
" I pray thee let me try my bow,
" For through the rain I've wander'd so,
" That much I fear, the ceaseless shower
" Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew,
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh ! swift it flew, as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came !
" Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away,
" Fare thee well, for now I know,
" The rain has not relax'd my bow;
" It still can send a madd'ning dart,
" As thou shalt own with all thy heart !"

O D E XXXIV.

OH thou, of all creation blest,
 Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
 Upon the wild-wood's leafy tops,
 To drink the dew that morning drops,
 And chirp thy song with such a glee,
 That happiest kings may envy thee!

Whatever

Father Rapin, in a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper,
 has preserved some of the thoughts of our author;

O quæ virenti. graminis in toro,
 Cicada, blande fidis, et herbidos.

Saltus oberras, otiosos

Ingeniosa ciere cantus.

Seu forte adultis floribus incubas.

Cæli caducis ebria fletibus, &c.

Oh! thou, that on the grassy bed
 Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
 Recline'st soft, and tun'st thy song,
 The dewy herbs and leaves among!
 Whether thou ly'st on springing flowers,
 Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
 Or, &c.

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93 and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, &c.] “Some authors
 have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male
 grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and
 on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the
 comic

Whatever decks the velvet field,
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield;
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
 To him thy friendly notes are dear;
 For thou art mild as matin dew,
 And still, when summer's flowery hue
 Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
 We hear thy sweet, prophetic strain;
 Thy sweet, prophetic strain we hear,
 And bless the notes and thee reverent!
 The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
 Apollo calls thee all his own;

T. was.

comic poet, who says *εἰτ' εἰσὶν οἱ τეტτιγες καὶ εὐδαιμονες, ὧν ταις γυναῖξιν καὶ ὅτι ἐν φωνῇ ἐν;* 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?' This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone; &c.] Phile de Animal. Proprietat. calls this insect *Μουσῶν φίλος*, the darling of the Muses, and *Μουσῶν ὄρνις*, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius:

*Ἦναι πάντων δ' ἡγεῖτο πλατυγάτος, ἀλλ' ἀγορητής
 Ἠδυέπης τეტτιξεν ἰσογράφος, εἰθ' ἀκαδημα
 Λεγόμενα ἐφεζόμενοι ὅσα λειροέσσαν ἰεῖσι.*

This last line is borrowed from Homer's *Iliad*, γ. where there occurs the very same simile.

'T was he who gave that voice to thee,
 'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
 Unworn by age's dim decline,
 The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
 Melodious insect! child of earth!
 In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
 Exempt from every weak decay,
 That withers vulgar frames away;
 With not a drop of blood to stain
 The current of thy purer vein;
 So blest'd an age is pass'd by thee,
 Thou seem'st—a little deity!

Melodious insect! child of earth!] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan;

Ἀρκεῖ τερτίγας μεθυσταὶ δροσὸς, ἀλλὰ πιόντες
 Ἀνδρῶν κικυῶν εἰσι γλυκύντεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
 The gay Cicada sipping floats;
 And drunk with dew his matin sings
 Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

ODE

+ ODE XXXV.

CUPID once, upon a bed
 Of roses, laid his weary head;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee:

The

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyll, but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point, and naïveté of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusively on the same subject. The poem, to which I allude, begins thus:

Upon a day as Love lay sweetly slumbering,
 All in his mother's lap;
 A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
 About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

In *Almeloveen's* collection of epigrams, there is one by *Luxorius*, correspondent somewhat with the turn of *Anacreon*, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflection which they draw from *Venus*, are beauties of inimitable grace. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing another Greek *Anacreontic* of *Monsieur Menage*, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of this natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ερως ποτ' εν χορειαις
 Των παρθενων αυτον
 Την μοι φιλην Κορηναν

Ως

The bee awak'd—with anger wild
 The bee awak'd and stung the child.
 Loud and piteous are his cries,
 To Venus quick he runs, he flies !

“Oh

Ὡς εἶδεν, ὡς πρὸς αὐτὴν
 Προσεδραμὲν τραχὺλῶ
 Διδυμὰς τὴ χειρὰς ἀπτῶν
 Φίλει με, μητὲρ, εἶπε.
 Καλυμένη Κορίννα,
 Μητὴρ, ἐρυθρίαζει,
 Ὡς παρθένος μὲν ἦσα.
 Κ' αὐτὸς δὲ δυσχεραίνων,
 Ὡς ὀμμασι πλανηθεὶς,
 Ἔρως ἐρυθρίαζει.
 Ἐγὼ δὲ οἱ παραστὰς
 Μὴ δυσχοραίνε, φημι.
 Κυπρίν τ' ἐπὶ Κορίνναν
 Διαγνώσκει ἢ ἐχέουσι
 Καὶ οἱ βλέποντες οὕτω.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
 The flowret of the virgin train,
 My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
 Young Cupid saw the graceful maid ;
 He saw, and in a moment flew,
 And round her neck his arms he threw ;
 And said, with smiles of infant joy,
 “ Oh ! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy ! ”
 Unconscious of a mother's name,
 The modest virgin blush'd with shame !
 And angry Cupid, scarce believing
 That vision could be so deceiving,
 Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
 The little infant blush'd with shame.

“ Be

" Oh mother!—I am wounded through—

" I die with pain—in sooth I do!

" Stung by some little angry thing,

" Some serpent on a tiny wing—

" A bee it was—for once, I know

" I heard a rustic call it so."

Thus he spoke, and she the while

Heard him with a soothing smile;

Then said, " My infant, if so much

" Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,

" How must the heart, ah Cupid ! be,

" The hapless heart that 's stung by thee!"

" Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,

For I was lingering by his side,

" Corinna and thy lovely mother,

" Believe me, are so like each other,

" That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,

" And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his *Cappricciosi Pensieri*, has translated this ode of Anacreon.

ODE

O D E XXXVI.

IF hoarded gold possess'd a power
 To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
 And purchase from the hand of death
 A little span, a moment's breath,
 How I would love the precious ore!
 And every day should swell my store;
 That when the Fates would send their minion,
 To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
 I might some hours of life obtain,
 And bribe him back to hell again.
 But, since we ne'er can charm away
 The mandate of that awful day,

Why

Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of it are, Lessing, in his poem "Gestern Brüder, &c." Gleim, in the ode "An den Tod," and Schmidt in der Poesie, Blümeul. Gotting. 1783. p. 7." Degen.

*That when the Fates would send their minion,
 To waft me off on shadowy pinion, &c.]* The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "*de lanâ caprinâ*," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase *iv dv θανεiv επιλθην*. The reading of *iv dv θαναιος επιλθην*, which De Medenbach proposes in his *Amœnitates Litterariæ*, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

Why do we vainly weep at fate,
 And sigh for life's uncertain date ?
 The light of gold can ne'er illumine
 The dreary midnight of the tomb !
 And why should I then pant for treasures ?
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures ;
 The goblet rich, the board of friends,
 Whose flowing founts the goblet blends !
 Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
 Seductive on that bed of roses ;
 And oh ! be mine the soul's excess,
 Expiring in her warm caress !

*The goblet rich, the board of friends ,
 Whose flowing founts the goblet blends !*] This communion of
 friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not
 been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where
 the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity.
 'Ἐγχαίνειν μὲν αἰεὶ ἀνδρὶ θνητῷ. Δευτερον δὲ, καλὸν φῶν γενέσθαι.
 Το τρίτον δὲ, πλεῖν ἀδολῶς. Κα, το τέταρτον, συνθεῖν μετὰ τῶν
 φίλων.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
 And next, those charms by which the eye we move ;
 The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
 And then, an intercourse with those we love !

ODE

O D E XXXVII.

'T WAS night, and many a circling bowl
 Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul ;
 As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
 Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd !
 With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
 I seem'd to trace the opening lawn ;
 Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
 We flew, and sported as we flew !

F

Some

" Compare with this ode the beautiful poem ' der Traum' of Uz." Degen.

Monsieur Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness ; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension, which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. " Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerone (Anacreontem dico, si nescis Lector), noli sperare, &c. &c." He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of :

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστι ανθρωπος κακος.

" No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

—when

Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
 With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
 Saw me trip the flowery wild
 With dimpled girls, and flyly smil'd;
 Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
 But ah! 't was plain they envied me.
 And still I flew—and now I caught
 The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
 To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
 Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
 All were gone! “Alas!” I said,
 Sighing for th’ illusions fled,
 “Sleep! again my joys restore,
 “Oh! let me dream them o’er and o’er!”

ODE

—when all my dream of joys,
 Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
 All were gone!] “Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the
 same words that Anacreon uses,

Ἐγροῦμενος δὲ
 Παρθενὸν ἐκ' ἐμῆς ἡσυχίας, καὶ ἠδελὲν αὐτοῖς λαβεῖν.”

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
 He found no beauty in his arms;
 Again to slumber he essay'd,
 Again to clasp the shadowy maid! Longepierre

“Sleep! again my joys restore,
 “Oh! let me dream them o’er and o’er!”] Doctor Johnson,
 in his preface to Shakespeare, animadverting upon the com-
 mentators

O D E XXXVIII.

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
 Let us raise the song of soul
 To him, the God who loves so well
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell !
 Him, who instructs the sons of earth
 To thrid the tangled dance of mirth ;
 Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
 And cradled in the Paphian grove ;
 Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
 Has fondled in her twining arms.

F 2

From

mentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us. " I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, ' I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

" Compare with this beautiful ode the verses of Hagedorn lib. v. *das Gesellschaftliche*; and of Bürger, p. 51, &c. &c.] Degen.

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms

Has fondled in her twining arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytheræa, the name of Venus, *τὰ τοῦ κυπρίου τῆς ἐρωτῆς*, which seems to hint that " Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

From him that dream of transport flows,
 Which sweet intoxication knows ;
 With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
 And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
 Behold ! my boys a goblet bear,
 Whose funny foam bedews the air,
 Where are now the tear, the sigh ?
 To the winds they fly, they fly !
 Grasp the bowl ; in nectar sinking,
 Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking !
 Oh ! can the tears we lend to thought
 In life's account avail us aught ?
 Can we discern, with all our lore,
 The path we 're yet to journey o'er ?
 No, no, the walk of life is dark,
 'T is wine alone can strike a spark !

Then

No, no, the walk of life is dark,

'T is wine alone can strike a spark ! The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia.

Ἀρσάμενοι, Προδική, πυκασαμένα, καὶ τοὺς ἀκρατοὺς
 ἔλκωμεν, κυλικὰς μεζούρας ἀράμενοι.
 Φαῖος ὁ χαιρόντων ἐστὶ βίος. εἴτα τὰ λοιπὰ
 Γῆρας κωλύει, καὶ τὸ τέλος θανάτου.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase.

Fly, my belov'd, to yonder stream,
 We'll plunge us from the noontide beam ;

Then

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
Or from the kifs of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls, that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

Then cull the rose's humid bud;
And dip it in our goblet's flood,
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm,
And death—alas! the hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

ODE

O D E XXXIX.

HOW I love the festive boy,
 Tripping wild the dance of joy !
 How I love the mellow sage,
 Smiling through the veil of age !
 And whene'er this man of years
 In the dance of joy appears,
 Age is on his temples hung,
 But his heart—his heart is young !

Age is on his temples hung,

But his heart—his heart is young !] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je fais bien que les destinées,
 Ont mal compassée nos années,
 Ne regardez que mon amour.

Peut-être en ferez vous emue,
 Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
 Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu.

Fair and young, thou bloomest now,
 And I full many a year have told ;
 But read the heart and not the brow,
 Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child ; and thou canst say
 How much his little age may be,
 For he was born the very day
 That first I set my eyes on thee !

ODE

O D E XL.

I KNOW that Heaven ordains me here,
 To run this mortal life's career;
 The scenes which I have journeyed o'er,
 Return no more—alas! no more;
 And all the path I 've yet to go,
 I neither know nor ask to know.
 Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
 Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
 No, no, the heart that feels with me,
 Can never be a slave to thee!

And

No, no, the heart that feels with me,

Can never be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes an epigram here from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase; it is by no means anacreontic, but has an interesting simplicity which induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπίς καὶ σὺ τύχη μέγα χαιρετὲ. τὸν λημὲν ἔυρον.
 Οὐδὲν ἔμοι χ' ὕμιν. παίζετε τῆς μετ' ἡμῶν.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
 Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
 The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
 And I have reach'd my destin'd shore!
 Away, away, your flattering arts
 May now betray some simpler hearts,
 And you will smile at their believing,
 And they shall weep at your deceiving!

And oh ! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with blifs my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb !

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,

And Venus dance me to the tomb !] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, where he makes him give the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb..

Πολλὰκι μὲν τοῦτ' αἶσα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοῶσα

Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβαλῆσθε κοινῶν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,

And from my grave I still shall cry,

“ Drink, mortal ! drink, while time is young,

“ Ere death has made thee cold as I.”

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies !
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine ;

And

And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranc'd to lie
Where the imbowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

*And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, &c.] Thus Horace:*

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi. Book iv. Ode 13.

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away!

O D E XLII.

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;

F 3

And

The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

And while the red cup circles round,
 Mingle in foul as well as found :
 Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
 Beside me all in blushes lie ;
 And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
 Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
 Oh ! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
 And that shall be my bliss of blisses !
 My soul, to festive feeling true,
 One pang of envy never knew ;
 And little has it learn'd to dread
 The gall, that envy's tongue can shed.
 Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
 Which steals to wound th' unwary heart ;
 And oh ! I hate, with all my soul,
 Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,

Where

Ου φίλος, ὅς κρητὴρ παρὰ πλεῖσιν ἀνοποταζών,
 Νεῖκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυογοντὰ ληγεί.
 Ἀλλ' ἴσθι Μουσῶν τε, καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης
 Σαμμίσγων, βρατὴς μνησκέται εὐφροσύνης.

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
 And hearts are all afloat upon the stream ;
 Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest,
 Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
 The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower ;
 O give me him, whose heart expansive breathes
 All the refinements of the social hour.

Where every cordial heart should be
 Attun'd to peace and harmony.
 Come, let us hear the soul of song
 Expire the silver harp along ;
 And through the dance's ringlet move,
 With maidens mellowing into love :
 Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
 Sure such a life should never cease !

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shied
 Blushes o'er each fervid head,
 With many a cup and many a smile
 The festal moments we beguile.
 And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
 Tuneful rapture from the strings,

Some

And while the harp, impassion'd flings

Tuneful rapture from the strings, &c.] On the barbiton an
 host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave
 us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is
 scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed
 as the music of the ancients. The authors *, extant upon the
 subject, are, I imagine, little understood ; but certainly if one

* Collected by Meibomius.

Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
 'Through the dance luxuriant swims,
 Waving, in her snowy hand,
 The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
 Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
 Shakes its tresses to her sighs !
 A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
 Floating on the listless air,
 Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
 A tale of woes, alas ! his own ;
 And then, what nectar in his sigh,
 As o'er his lip the murmurs die !

Surely

of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody ; for this is a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called το *εὐρυμα* *τὸ Ἀνακρεοντεῖος*. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot. in Horat. on the words " *Lesbourn barbiton*," in the first ode.

.. *And then, what nectar in his sigh,*
As o'er his lip the murmurs die !] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia :

Κερὶ τις μ' ἐφίλησε ποθεσπέρα χεῖλεσιν ἰγροῖς.
 Νεκτὰρ ἐν τῷ φίλημα. τὸ γὰρ σῶμα νεκταρὸς ἐστίν.
 Νυν μούνη τὸ φίλημα, πολὺν τὸν ἐρώτα πεινάων.

Of

Surely never yet has been
 So divine, so blest a scene!
 Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
 To wave his golden tresses here?
 Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
 And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
 All, all are here, to hail with me,
 The genius of festivity!

Of which the following may give some idea:

The kiss that she left on my lip,
 Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
 'T was nectar she gave me to sip,
 'T was nectar I drank in her sigh!

The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
 To my soul was voluptuous wine;
 Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
 And feels a delirium divine!

Has Cupid left the starry sphere,

To wave his golden tresses here?] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me,

The genius of festivity!] *Καμος*, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed) gives a very beautiful description of this god.

+ O D E XLIV.

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,
 Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep !
 Twine the rose, the garland twine
 Every leaf distilling wine ;
 Drink and smile, and learn to think
 That we were born to smile and drink.
 Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower,
 That ever drank the amber shower ;
 Rose ! thou art the fondest child
 Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild !
 Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
 Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillet braids,

When

This spirited poem is an eulogy on the rose ; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is very elegantly styled " the eye of flowers ;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse " the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

" Compare with this forty-fourth ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz die Rose."

When with the blushing, naked Graces,
 The wanton winding dance he traces.
 Then bring me, flowers of roses bring,
 And shed them round me while I sing;
 Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
 With some celestial glowing maid,
 While gales of roses round me rise,
 In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
 I'll bill and twine in airy dance,
 Commingling soul with every glance!

*When with the blushing, naked graces,
 The wanton winding dance he traces.*] "This sweet idea of
 Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon."
 Degen.

With some celestial, glowing maid, &c.] The epithet βαδυκελος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed;" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

ODE

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
 I cradle all my woes to sleep.
 Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
 Or pour the unavailing tear?
 For death will never heed the sigh,
 Nor soften at the tearful eye;
 And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
 Must all alike be seal'd in sleep!
 Then let us never vainly stray,
 In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
 Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave,
 Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
 And in the goblet, rich and deep,
 Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

Then let us never vainly stray,

In search of thorns, from pleasure's way, &c.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of *τι δὲ τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι*; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line:

E che val, fuor della strada
 Del piacere alma e gradita,
 Vaneggiare in questa vita?

ODE

ODE XLVI.

SEE the young, the rosy Spring,
 Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
 While virgin Graces, warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way!

The

The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunk condemns the whole ode. It appears to me to be elegantly gaphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of ' *Idē par' sapos phavros* is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace;

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum

Soracte—————

The imperative *Idē* is infinitely more impressive, as in Shakespeare,

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little villa at some distance from the city, which commanded a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in *Anac. vita*, § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasant association, which makes the poem more interesting.

Monsieur

The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languish'd into silent sleep;
 And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
 While cranes from hoary winter fly
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away;
 And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
 Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
 Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds, and flowery bells;

Gemming

Monsieur Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring; I cannot find it. See Chevreau *Œuvres Mêlées*.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen), the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth der Frühling, and book fifth der Mai."

While virgin graces, warm with May,

Fling roses o'er her dewy way! [De Pauw reads, *Χαρτας ποδα βρωτιν*, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has objected, very frivolously.

The murmuring billows of the deep

Have languish'd into silent sleep; &c.] It has been justly remarked, that the liquid flow of the line *απαλυνεται γαληνη* is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultur'd field and winding stream, &c.] By *βροτων εργα* "the works of men," (says Baxter,) he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun."

Gemning shoots the olive twine,
 Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
 All along the branches creeping,
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see
 Nurfing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'T IS true, my fading years decline,
 Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
 As deep as any stripling fair,
 Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
 And if, amidst the wanton crew,
 I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
 Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
 Not falt'ring on the Bacchant's wand,
 But brandishing a rosy flask,
 The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!

Let

But brandishing a rosy flask, &c.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hecæone of Alexis.

The

Let those, who pant for glory's charms,
 Embrace her in the field of arms;
 While my inglorious, placid soul
 Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
 Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
 And bathe me in its honied wave!
 For though my fading years decay,
 And though my bloom has pass'd away,
 Like old Silenus, fire divine,
 With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
 I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
 And live my follies all again!

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason
 for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety
 often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

O D E XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I sleep,
 Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
 Talk of monarchs! I am then
 Richest, happiest, first of men;
 Careless o'er my cup I sing,
 Fancy makes me more than king;

Gives

Gives me wealthy Croesus' store,
 Can I, can I wish for more?
 On my velvet couch reclining,
 Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
 While my soul dilates with glee,
 What are kings and crowns to me?
 If before my feet they lay,
 I would spurn them all away!
 Arm you, arm you, men of might,
 Hasten to the sanguine fight;
 Let me, oh my budding vine!
 Spill no other blood than thine.
 Yonder brimming goblet see,
 That alone shall vanquish me.
 Oh! I think it sweeter far
 To fall in banquet than in war!

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, &c.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under that tree; or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine." Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c. &c.

Arm you, arm you, men of might,

Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others:

Altri segua Marte fero;
 Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

ODE

O D E XLIX.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
 The rosy harbinger of joy,
 Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
 Thaws the winter of our soul;
 When to my inmost core he glides,
 And bathes it with his ruby tides,
 A flow of joy, a lively heat
 Fires my brain, and wings my feet!
 'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
 Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!
 Sing, sing of love, let music's breath
 Softly beguile our rapturous death,

While,

This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we may imagine, with rapture in Greece; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,

Thaws the winter of our soul; &c.] *Λυαίος* is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for *Λυαί* (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

While, my young Venus, thou and I
 To the voluptuous cadence die!
 Then waking from our languid trance,
 Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

O D E L.

WHEN I drink, I feel, I feel,
 Visions of poetic zeal!
 Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
 My heart involves the heavenly Muse.

When

Faber thinks this spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of this ode, in the original, is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

'Οτ' εγώ νινω τον οινον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen), the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. der Wein, where that divine poet has waltzed in the praises of wine."

*When I drink, I feel, I feel,
 Visions of poetic zeal!*] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre), whom wine has inspired with poetry. There is

an

When I drink, my sorrow's o'er;
 I think of doubts and fears no more;
 But scatter to the railing wind
 Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
 When I drink, the jesting boy
 Bacchus himself partakes my joy;
 And while we dance through breathing bowers,
 Whose every gale is rich with flowers,

In

an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οἶνος τοι χαριεντι μέγας παλεὶ ἵππος αἰδῶ,
 Ὕδωρ δὲ πινόν, καλὸν ἢ τέκος ἔπος."

If with water you fill up your glasses,
 You'll never write any thing wise;
 For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
 Which hurries a hard to the skies!

And while we dance through breathing bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to *πολυανθισιν μ' ἐν αὐραῖς*, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following?

Quand je bois, mon œil s' imagine
 Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
 Bacchus m' importe dans les airs,
 Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

Indi mi mena
 Mentre lieto ebro deliro,
 Bacco in giro
 Per la vaga aura serena.

In bowls he makes my senses swim,
 Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
 When I drink, I deftly twine
 Flowers, begem'd with tears of wine;
 And, while with festive hand I spread
 The smiling garland round my head,
 Something whispers in my breast,
 How sweet it is to live at rest!
 When I drink, and perfume stills
 Around me all in balmy rills,
 Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
 In languor on my breast reposes,
 Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
 In many a sigh of luxury!
 When I drink, my heart refines,
 And rises as the cup declines;
 Rises in the genial flow,
 That none but social spirits know,
 When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
 Dilating, mingle soul with soul!

When

When youthful revellers, round the bowl,

Dilating, mingle soul with soul !] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the *Θιασόν* of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiasé," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris

G

questioned

When I drink, the bliss is mine ;
 There's bliss in every drop of wine !
 All other joys that I have known,
 I've scarcely dar'd to call my own ;
 But this the fates can ne'er destroy,
 Till death o'er shadows all my joy !

questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

ODE II.

FLY not thus my brow of snow,
 Lovely wanton ! fly not so.
 Though the wane of age is mine,
 Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still

Alberti has imitated this ode ; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it :

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores ?
 Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu ?
 Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
 Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
 Aspice ut intextas deceant queque flore corollas
 Candida purpureis lilia mista rosâ.

Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
 Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
 See, in yonder flowery braid,
 Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
 How the rose, of orient glow,
 Mingles with the lily's snow;
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
 Just, my girl, like thee and me!

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
 And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
 Is it, that wintery time has strew'd my brow,
 And thine are all the summer's roscate charms?
 See the rich garland, cull'd in vernal weather,
 Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
 In wreaths of love we thus may twine together,
 And I will be the lily, thou the rose!

*See, in yonder flowery braid,
 Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid!*] "In the same manner
 that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the
 beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus,
 endeavours to recommend his black hair:

Και το ιον μελαν εσι, και α γραπτα υακινθος
 Αλλ' εμπας εν τοις σεφανοις τα πρωτα λεγονται."

Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

O D E L I J.

AWAY, away, you men of rules,
 What have I to do with schools?
 They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
 But would they make me love and drink?
 Teach me this; and let me swim
 My soul upon the goblet's brim;
 Teach me this, and let me twine
 My arms around the nymph divine!

Age

"This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon: for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." Degen.

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for though the dawnings of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πάσαν παιδείαν μακάριοι φεύγετε, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine

My arms around the nymph divine!] By χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Ἀνατοῆς is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman, "golden."

The

Age begins to blanch my brow,
 I've time for nought but pleasure now.
 Fly, and cool my goblet's glow,
 At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
 I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
 This soul to slumber as I drink!
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
 You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
 And there's an end—for ah! you know
 They drink but little wine below!

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m'insegni con piu rare
 Forme accorte d'involare
 Ad amabile beltade
 Il bel cinto d'onestade.

And there's an end—for ah! you know

They drink but little wine below!] Thus the witty Mainard:

La mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
 Nous ont enfermés une fois
 Au sein d'une fosse profonde
 Adieu bons vins et bon repas,
 Ma science ne trouve pas
 Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language are borrowed.

ODE

O D E LIII.

— **W**HEN I behold the festive train
 Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
 Memory wakes her magic trance,
 And wings me lightly through the dance.
 Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
 Cull the flower and twine the braid;
 Bid the blush of summer's rose
 Burn upon my brow of snows;
 And let me, while the wild and young
 Trip the mazy dance along,
 Fling my heap of years away,
 And be as wild, as young as they.

Hither

Bid the blush of summer's rose

Burn upon my brow of snows; &c.] Licetus, in his *Hieroglyphica*, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators.

Hither haste, some cordial soul!
 Give my lips the brimming bowl;
 Oh! you will see this hoary sage
 Forget his locks, forget his age.
 He still can chant the festive hymn,
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
 He still can act the mellow raver,
 And play the fool as sweet as ever!

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; &c.] Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men. "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat, &c.;" but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance whether he will or not."

Λογος ες' αρχαιος, ο κακως εχον,
 Οινον λαγυσσι της γερουτας, ο πατερ,
 Πισθειν χορδισειν η βελοντας.

ODE LIV.

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see
 Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
 How fondly blest he seems to bear
 That fairest of Phœnician fair!

How

"This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa." Madam Dacier.

It

How proud he breasts the foamy tide;
 And spurns the billowy surge aside!
 Could any beast, of vulgar vein,
 Undaunted thus defy the main?
 No: he descends from climes above,
 He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

It may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum feminâ tauri dorso infidente ac mare transfretante, euderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

Moschus has written a very beautiful idyll on the story of Europa.

*No: he descends from climes above,
 He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!]* Thus Moschus:

Κρυψέ θεόν και τρεφε θεμας και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
 And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.



ODE

+ ODE LV.

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,
 Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
 Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
 Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
 Whose

This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, *ποδα μ'εἰρηνας*, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word *podor*, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose.

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
 (Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
 (Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest?)
 Again my longing arms infold thee,
 Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose.

Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd-dye,
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 When pleasure's bloomy season glóws,
 The Graces love to twine the rose;
 The rose is warm Dione's blifs,
 And flushes like Dione's kifs!
 Oft has the poet's magic tongue
 The rose's fair luxuriance sung;

And

*Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
 Teius argutâ cecinit testudine vates.*

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;] I have passed over the line *συνῆταιρει αυξει μελπην*; it is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, & it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: *φερε δη φυσιν λαγωμεν*.

The rose is warm Dione's blifs, &c.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here *αφροδισιον τ'αδυρμα*, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Venus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue

The rose's fair luxuriance sung; &c.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poets. It is cited in the Romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. *Ει τοις ανθεσιν ηθελεν ο Ζευς επιδιναι βασιλια, το ροδον αν των ανθεων ελασιλευε. γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγαλῆσμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων, λειμανος ερυδημα, καλλος αγραπτον. Ερωτος πνει, Αφροδιτην προξενει, ευειδεσι φυλλοις κομαῖ, ευκινητοις πεταλοισ τρυφαῖ. το πιταλον το Ζεφυρω γελα.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
 A queen for 'all their world of flowers,
 The rose would be the choice of Jove,
 And blush, the queen of every grove.

Sweetest

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
 Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
 When, at the early glance of morn,
 It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
 'T is sweet to dare the tangled fence,
 To call the timid flowret thence,
 And wipe with tender hand away
 The tear that on its blushes lay !
 'T is sweet to hold the infant stems,
 Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
 And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
 That from the weeping buds arise.
 When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
 And Bacchus beams in every eye,
 Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
 And fill with balms the fainting gale !
 Oh ! there is nought in nature bright,
 Where roses do not shed their light !

When

Sweetest child of weeping morning,
 Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
 Eye of flowrets, glow of lawns,
 Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns.
 Soft the soul of love it breathes,
 Cypria's brow with magic wreaths,
 And, to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
 Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
 Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
 In blushes a diviner ray !

When morning paints the orient skies,
 Her fingers burn with roseate dies;
 The nymphs display the rose's charms,
 It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
 Through Cytherea's form it glows,
 And mingles with the living snows.
 The rose distils a healing balm,
 The beating pulse of pain to calm;
 Preserves the cold inurned clay.
 And mocks the vestige of decay.

And

When morning paints the orient skies,

Her fingers burn with roseate dies; &c.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, *παρα των ροφων*. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon. *Fuit hæc sapientia quondam.*

Preserves the cold inurned clay, &c.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's *Iliad* ↓. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, *Theb. lib. x. 782.*

——hi fertis, hi veris honore soluto
 Accumulant artus patriâque in sede reponunt
 Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls *ἱερὸς μελημα*. We read, in the *Hieroglyphics* of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used

And when at length in pale decline,
 Its florid beauties fade and pine,
 Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
 Diffuses odour e'en in death !
 Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung ?
 Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
 When, humid, from the silv'ry stream,
 Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
 Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
 Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews ;

When

used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (*tenera poneret ossa rosa*. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty ; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the “*nimum breves flores*” of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time ; *χρονον δε ντε Ερως, ντο ροδα οιδεν*. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath

Diffuses odour e'en in death !] Thus Caspar Barlæus, in his *Ritus Nuptiarum* :

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
 Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
 When all its flushing beauties die ;
 Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
 When wither'd by the solar eye !

When, in the starry courts above,
 The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
 Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
 The nymph who shakes the martial lance !
 Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
 The earth produc'd an infant flower,
 Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
 And wanton'd o'er its parent's breast.
 The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
 And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth !
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
 The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
 And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
 Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;

And

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,

The sweetly orient buds they dyed, &c.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis.

rosæ

Fusæ aprito de cruore:

According to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for.

*Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
 Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
 Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
 Albaque divino picta cruore resæ est.*

While

And bade them, on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn !

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes !

ODE LVI.

HE, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses !
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance ;
Bacchus

" Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz. Lib. i. die Weinlese." Degen.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage ; one of the *επιληνιοι ὕμνοι*, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a peculiar veneration for these relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

Bacchus, the god again is here,
 And leads along the blushing year;
 The blushing year with rapture teems,
 Ready to shed those cordial streams,
 Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
 Illuminate the fons of earth !
 And when the ripe and vermil wine,
 Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
 Which now in mellow clusters swells,
 Oh ! when it bursts its rosy cells,
 The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
 To balsam every mortal woe !
 No youth shall then be wan or weak,
 For dimpling health shall light the cheek ;
 No heart shall then desponding sigh,
 For wine shall bid despondence fly !
 Thus—till another autumn's glow
 Shall bid another vintage flow !

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,

Illuminate the fons of earth !] In the original *πενθη ἀπορροὺς κομιζων*. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. *Odyssey*, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, with very elegant gallantry, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See De Meré, quoted by Bayle, art. Helene.

ODE LVII.

AND whose immortal hand could shed
 Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
 And, in a frenzied flight of soul
 Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,
 Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
 The Queen of Love's voluptuous form,
 Floating along the silv'ry sea,
 In beauty's naked majesty!

Oh!

This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus in a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject; in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. Non ego paucis offender matulis. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic.

And whose immortal hand could shed

Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of ἀπα τις τοπὸς πύκτων, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties, which we cannot but admire in any source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become languid and unimpressive.

Oh! he has given the captur'd fight
 A witching banquet of delight;
 And all those sacred scenes of love,
 Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,
 Lie faintly glowing, half-conceal'd,
 Within the lucid billows veil'd.
 Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
 Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
 She floats upon the ocean's breast,
 Which undulates in sleepy rest,
 And stealing on, she gently pillows
 Her bosom on the amorous billows.
 Her bosom, like the humid rose,
 Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,

Illume:

And all those sacred scenes of love,

Where only hallow'd eyes may rove, &c.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-recluse Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which is like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the humid rose, &c.] "Pocah" (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom. Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Croftus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes "*o roseis oculis.*"

Illume the liquid path the traces,
 And burn within the stream's embraces !
 In languid luxury soft she glides,
 Incircled by the azure tides,
 Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
 Upon a bed of violets sleeping !
 Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
 The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
 Bearing in triumph young Desire,
 And baby Love with smiles of fire !
 While, sparkling in the silver waves,
 The tenants of the briny caves
 Around the pomp in eddies play,
 And gleam along the watery way.

———— *young desire, &c.*] In the original ' *Iuceros*,
 who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Au-
 relius Angurellus has a poem beginning

Invitat olim Bacchus ad coenam suam
 Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated :

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
 A noble meal bespoke us;
 And for the guests that were to dine,
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, &c.

O D E LVIII.

WHEN gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
 Escapes like any faithless minion,
 And flies me (as he flies me ever),
 Do I pursue him? never, never!
 No, let the false deserter go;
 For who would court his direst foe?
 But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
 No more by ties of gold confin'd,
 I loosen all my clinging cares,
 And cast them to the vagrant airs.

Then :

I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode; it deviates somewhat from the Vatican MS. but it appeared to me the more natural order:

*When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
 Escapes like any faithless minion, &c.]* In the original
 Ὁ δραπετὴς ὁ χρυσεύς. There is a kind of pun in these words,
 as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chryſos, which
 signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of
 Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the
 word, where the followers of Chryſippus are called golden-
 fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more
 vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of
 Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), &c. Αἰεὶ δ', αἰεὶ με φεύγει.

This

Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
 And wake to life the dulcet shell;
 The dulcet shell to beauty fings,
 And love dissolves along the strings!
 Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
 How little gold deserves a thought,
 The winged slave returns once more,
 And with him wafts delicious store
 Of racy wine, whose balmy art
 In slumber seals the anxious heart!
 Again he tries my soul to sever
 From love and song, perhaps for ever!
 Away, deceiver! why pursuing
 Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?

Sweet

This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrard. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
 Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
 Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
 Nunc, &c.

Si sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
 Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
 Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
 The waftage of thy wings can hold.
 I well remember all thy wiles;
 They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
 And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
 I thought its angel breath was fled!
 They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
 His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
 Oh! fly to haunts of fordid men,
 But rove not near the bard again;
 Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
 Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;
And

*They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
 His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.] Original:*

Φιλημάτων δε κεδνων,
 Ποθων κυπελλα κερνης.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare proculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 "And I'll not ask for wine."

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "ἵνα καὶ πινῆς ἀμα καὶ φιλῆς," "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

And not for worlds would I forego
 That moment of poetic glow,
 When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
 Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
 Away, away! to worldlings hence,
 Who feel not this diviner sense,
 And with thy gay, fallacious blaze,
 Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

O D E LIX.

SABLED by the solar beams,
 Now the fiery cluster teem,
 In oſier baskets, borne along
 By all the feſtal vintage throng
 Of roſy youths and virgins fair,
 Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.

Now,

The title *Ἑπιθνήσκων ὕμνος*, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title *εἰς οἶνον*, which it bears in the Vatican MS. is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;" but this is far from satisfactory criticism.

Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The chorol song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that closely twin'd,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!

The

The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
 Allures her to th' embrace of joy;
 Swears that the herbage heaven had spread,
 Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
 That laws should never bind desire,
 And love was nature's holiest fire!
 The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
 He kifs'd her lips, he kifs'd her eyes;
 The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
 They only rais'd his flame anew.
 And oh! he stole the sweetest flower,
 That ever bloom'd in any bower!

Such is the madness wine imparts,
 Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

Swears that the herbage heaven had spread,

Was sacred as the nuptial bed; &c.] The original here has been variously interpreted. Some, in their zeal for our author's purity, have supposed, that the youth only persuades her to a premature marriage. Others understand from the words *προδοτιν γαμων γενεσθαι*, that he seduces her to a violation of the nuptial vow. The turn which I have given it is somewhat like the sentiment of Heloïsa, "amorem conjugio, libertatem vinculo præferre." (See her original Letters.) The Italian translations have almost wantoned upon this description; but that of Marchetti is indeed "nimum lubricus aspicì."

O D E LX.

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
 To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
 And though no glorious prize be thine,
 No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
 Yet every hour is glory's hour
 To him, who gathers wisdom's flower!
 Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
 Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
 Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
 Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
 The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
 As down Cayster's tide he floats,
 Plays with his snowy plumage fair
 Upon the wanton murmuring air,

Which

This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

Which amorously lingers round,
 And sighs responsive sound for sound !
 Muse of the Lyre ! illume my dream,
 Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme ;
 And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
 And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
 Hallow'd by him, the god of lays
 Who modulates the choral maze !
 I sing the love, which Daphne twin'd
 Around the godhead's yielding mind ;
 I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
 From this ætherial youth of light ;
 And how the tender timid maid
 Flew panting to the kindly shade,
 Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
 And grew a verdant laurel there ;

H 2

Whose

*And how the tender, timid maid
 Flew panting to the kindly shade, &c.] Original :*

Τὸ μὲν ἐκπεφευγὲ κεντρον,
 φουσῶς δ' αἰετὶς μορφήν.

I find the word κεντρον here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa, &c. &c." (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after φουσῶς, thus :

Τὸ μὲν ἐκπεφευγὲ κεντρον
 φουσῶς, δ' αἰετὶς μορφήν.

Whose leaves with sympathetic thrill,
 In terror seem'd to tremble still!
 The God pursu'd, with wing'd desire;
 And when his hopes were all on fire,
 And when he thought to hear the sigh,
 With which enamour'd virgins die,
 He only heard the pensive air,
 Whispering amid her leafy hair!
 But oh my soul! no more—no more;
 Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
 This sweetly-mad'ning dream of foul
 Has hurried me beyond the goal.
 Why should I sing the mighty darts,
 Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
 When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
 Can tell the darts that wound my own.
 Still be Anacreon, still inspire
 The descant of the Teian lyre:

Still

Still be Anacreon, still inspire

The descant of the Teian lyre:] The original is *Τὸν Ἀνακρεοντα μιμεν*. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τὸν Ἀνακρεοντα μιμεν, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality too, with some little reserve, I think we might not blush to follow
in

Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
 Distilling love in every note !
 And when the youth, whose burning soul
 Has felt the Paphian star's control,
 When he the liquid lays shall hear,
 His heart will flutter to his ear,
 And drinking there of song divine,
 Banquet on intellectual wine !

in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent ; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing ? When we think of the sentiment in those lines :

Away ! I hate the slanderous dart,
 Which steals to wound th' unwary heart.

How many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, *Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμη !*

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS. whose authority confirms the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken ; I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy, the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words *Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω*, he says, " Vatican MS. *συσκιαζων*, etiam Prisciano invito," though the MS. reads *συνκαλυψω*, with *συσκιασω* interlined. Degen too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has *τηνη*, with *αι* interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of *τινη*. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. *Αλαλημενη δ' επ' αυτη*, while the latter has *αλαλημενος δ' επ' αυτα*. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

OF

ODE LXI.

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;
 Hoary locks deform my head.
 Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
 All the flowers of life decay.
 Withering age begins to trace
 Sad memorials o'er my face;
 Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
 All the future must be gloom!
 This awakes my hourly sighing;
 Dreary is the thought of dying!

Pluto's.

The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons, which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of morality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. *Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?*

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,

All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deploras the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode xi.; and thus in the second epistle, book ii.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The

Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road :
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away ;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms,
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Dreary is the thought of dying & [&c.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance, Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean Philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis La Fare.

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute, &c.

I shall leave it to the moralist to make his reflections here ;
it is impossible to be very anacreontic on such a subject.

And the gloomy travel o'er,

Ah ! we can return no more !] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, "*Qui nunc it per iter, &c.*" remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called *aveξoδos* by Theocritus, and *δυσενδρομος* by Nicander.

ODE

O D E LXII.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
 As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
 But let the water amply flow,
 To cool the grape's intemperate glow;

Let

This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv. der Trinker.

But let the water amply flow,

To cool the grape's intemperate glow; &c.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavère Lyæum
 Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
 Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
 Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, non verbum verbo,

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
 A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
 And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
 Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
 And when his native fires infuriate burn,
 He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

Let not the fiery god be fingle,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh ! be it ne'er the birth of madness !
No, banish from our board to-night,
The revelries of rude delight !
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses !
And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song !

O D E LXIII.

TO Love the soft and blooming child,
 I touch the harp in descant wild;
 To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
 The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers;
 To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
 And gods and mortals bow before him!

"This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus Strom.
 lib. vi. and in Arsenius Collect. Græc." Barnes.

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of
 Love.

O D E LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
 Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
 Dian, Jove's immortal child,
 Huntress of the savage wild!

Goddeſs

This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephaestion. There is an
 anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he
 ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast
 upon

Goddess, with the sun-bright hair!
 Listen to a people's prayer,
 Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
 There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
 Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
 There thy people's peace restore.
 Thine their hearts, their altars thine,
 Dian! must they—must they pine?

upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes.)
 Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women,
 and none to the deities? answered, "Because women
 are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote,
 which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were
 to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered
 pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when
 nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "*tamen
 usque recurret.*"

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,

There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia,
 according to Strabo, falling into the Meander: near to it was
 situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our
 poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana.
 It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occa-
 sion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been
 defeated.

ODE

O D E LXV.

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace ! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly ! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my dotting heart
Is novice in the bridling art ?
Believe me, girl, it is not so ;
Thou 'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm !
Thou 'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal !

This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously throughout it; and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates : there is more modesty than ingenuity in the lady's conjecture.

Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us, that a horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

ODE

O D E LXVI.

TO thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
 Fairest of all that fairest shine;
 To thee, thou blushing young desire,
 Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!
 And oh! thou nuptial power, to thee
 Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
 Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
 And weaving wild my votive lays,
 For thee, oh Queen! I wake the lyre,
 For thee, thou blushing young desire!
 And oh! for thee, thou nuptial power,
 Come, and illumine this genial hour.

Look

This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Pro-dromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scolium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy, was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described, by such a soul and such an imagination. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of her epithalamiums:

ΟΛΕΙΕ ΓΑΜΕΡΕ. ΣΟΙ ΜΕΝ ΔΗ ΓΑΜΟΣ ΩΣ ΑΡΑΟ,
 ΕΚΤΕΤΕΛΕΙΣ', ΕΧΕΙΣ ΔΕ ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΝ ΑΝ ΑΡΑΟ.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy
 And while thy lambent glance of joy
 Plays over all her blushing charms,
 Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
 Before the lovely, trembling prey,
 Like a young birdling, wing away!
 Oh! Stratoeles, impassion'd youth!
 Dear to the Queen of amorous truths,
 And dear to her, whose yielding zone
 Will soon resign her all thine own;
 Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
 Breath to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
 To those bewitching beauties turn,
 For thee they mantle, flush and burn!
 Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
 Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
 Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
 The sweetest rose where all are roses!
 Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
 His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
 And foster there an infant tree,
 To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

And foster there an infant tree,

To blush like her, and bloom like thee?] Original? *Κυπαρισσοῦ δε πεφυκοῖ στυ ἐν κηπῶ.* Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the nuptial song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminius attributes to *pedov*, says, "*Hortum quoque vocant* in

in quo flos ille carpitur, et Græcia κηρυεν ες τὸ σφηδαίου
γυναικαύ."

May I remark, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a most striking and Anacreontic beauty in those verses "Ut flos in septis, &c." which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; he has translated γέλωςας ἱμερῶν, but takes no notice of ἰδὺ φανισσας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully;

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

ODE LXVII.

GENTLE youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why, repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou

I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes, who has thus compiled the fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode beginning *φρ' ἰδωρ, φρ' οἶνον, α παῖ,* which he has subjoined to the epigrams.

The fragments, combined in this ode, are the fifty-seventh, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, and hundredth of Barnes's edition, to which I refer the reader for the names of the authors by whom they are preserved.

Thou little know'st the fond control,
 With which thy virtue reins my soul !
 Then smile not on my locks of grey ;
 Believe me, oft with converse gay,
 I've chain'd the ears of tender age,
 And boys have lov'd the prattling sage !
 For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
 And mine is many a soothing measure ;
 And much I hate the beamless mind,
 Whose earthly vision, unrefin'd,
 Nature has never form'd to see
 The beauties of simplicity !
 Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
 To souls elect, by nature given !

And boys have lov'd the prattling sage !] Monsieur Chaulieu
 has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with
 youth ;

Que cherché par les jeunes gens,
 Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
 Je tolere leur imprudence
 En faveur de leurs agrémens.

ODE

O D E LXVIII.

RICH in blifs, I proudly scorn
The freams of Amalthea's horn !
Nor fhould I ask to call the throne
Of the Tarteſſian prince my own ;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity !

This fragment is preferved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tarteſſian prince my own ;] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

ODE

O D E LXIX,

NOW Neptune's fullen month appears
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

ODE

ODE LXX.

THEY wove the lotus band to deck,
 And fan with penfile wreath their neck;
 And every guest, to shade his head,
 Three little breathing chaplets spread;
 And one was of Egyptian leaf,
 The rest were roses, fair and brief!
 While, from a golden vase profound,
 To all on flowery beds around,
 A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape
 Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,

Three little breathing chaplets spread;] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtesan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the *tençons* of Savari de Mauléon, a Troubadour. See *L'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

ODE

O D E LXXI.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat ;
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire !
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee !

This poem is compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

ODE

O D E LXXII.

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
 And while I wake them all for thee,
 Thou, oh virgin, wild and young,
 Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursing fawn, that in some shade
 Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
 Is not more wantonly afraid,
 More timid of the rustling wind !

This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nursing fawn, that in some shade

Its antler'd mother leaves behind, &c.] In the original :

Ὅς ἐν ὕλῃ κεραισσοῦς

ἀπολειφθεὶς ὑπὸ μητρος.

“Horned” here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier however observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the Scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, “jussit habere puellam cornua.”

ODE

O D E LXXIII.

FARE thee well, perfidious maid !
 My soul too long on earth delay'd,
 Delay'd, perfidious girl ! by thee,
 Is now on wing for liberty.
 I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
 Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here !

This fragment is preserved by the Scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

O D E LXXIV.

I BLOOM'D awhile in happy flower,
 Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
 And made my tender branches feel
 The wounds of his avenging steel.
 Then, then I fell, like some poor willow
 That tosses on the wintry billow !

This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

must here apologize for omitting a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, *ἔανθῃ δ' Εὐρυπύλῃ μελίσσι*, &c. which
 is

is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi. It is in a style of gross satire, and is full of expressions which never could be gracefully translated.

O'D E LXXV.

MONARCH Love ! resists less boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh ! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest ;
And counsel her to learn from thee,
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
-Ah ! if my heart no flattery tell,
'Thou 'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well !

This fragment is preserved by Dom Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

ODE

O D E LXXVI.

SPIRIT of Love, whose tresses shine
 Along the breeze, in golden twine;
 Come, within a fragrant cloud
 Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
 And, on those wings that sparkling play,
 Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
 Love! my soul is full of thee,
 Alive to all thy luxury.

But

This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101), is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacreon." *Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett.* tom. ii. de November 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονη Μυσ' ενισπες
 Τμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
 Τηϊος χαρας ον αιειδε τερπνως
 Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Oh Muse! who sit'st on golden throne,
 Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
 The Teian sage is taught by thee;
 But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
 The sweetest hymn thou 'st ever told,
 He lately learn'd and sang for me.

But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
 The pretty Lesbian mocks my woe,
 Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues,
 Which Time upon my forehead strews.
 Alas ! I fear she keeps her charms,
 In store for younger, happier arms !

ODE LXXVII.

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
 Come and teach thy votary old,
 Many a golden hymn divine,
 For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
 Fair thy filky locks unfold :
 Listen to a hoary sage,
 Sweetest maid with vest of gold !

This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetica.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetica, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXXVIII.

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon, See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

ODE

O D E LXXIX.

WHEN Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light,
He passes with an eagle's flight,
And flitting on he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou 'st had thy day!"

See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn, not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his little essay on the Gallic Hercules.

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,
 Which lightens our meandering way;
 Cupid within my bosom stealing,
 Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
 Which pleases, though severely teasing,
 And teases, though divinely pleasing!

Barnes, 125th. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.



LET me resign a wretched breath,
 Since now remains to me
 No other balm than kindly death,
 To sooth my misery!

This-fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephaestion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

I KNOW

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
 And art a kindly, cordial host;
 But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
 Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.



I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
 Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
 I think there's madness in my breast,
 Yet cannot find that madness there!

This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 95th.
 Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
 Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
 The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
 I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
 That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

~~*****~~

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety; a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Αἰλιπάρῳ Σιδωνίῳ, ἐκ Ἀνακρεονίδας.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙΓ' ἰψάσσευμβος, Ἀνακρεών, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσός.

ἄβρα τε λυμνῶν πορφύρεον πέλαα·

πῆται δ' ἀργυροῖος ἀναδυσσοῖο γαλακτός.

εὐνὴς δ' ἀπο γῆς ἡδὺ χροῖο μέδυ,

οἶρα καὶ τοὶ σποδὴ τε καὶ οἶα τέρψιν ἀνήλαι,

αἱ δὲ τικ φθιμῶν χερμπίεται εὐφροσύνα,

ὦ το φίλον γέρξας, φίλε, βαρβίλον, ὦ σὺν αἰοῖδα

πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἐρωτὶ βίον.

AROUND the tomb, oh bard divine !

Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,

Long may the deathless ivy twine,

And Summer pour her waste of roses !

And many a fount shall there distil,

And many a rill refresh the flowers ;

But wine shall gush in every rill,

And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught

To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,

Who gave to love his warmest thought,

Who gave to love his fondest measure !

Thus,

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
 Thou may'st, from odours round thee
 streaming,
 A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
 And live again in blissful dreaming.

Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Græcis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are these I have selected, upon Anacreon. These remains have sometimes been imputed to another poet * of the same name, of which Vossius gives us the following account: "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate *Anthologias*, lib. iv. tit. *εις αρχιερδας*. At eum ac Bathyllum primo fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione, &c. &c."

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus, with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

* Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur.

Brunck, Lectiones et Emendat.

Τῇ αὐτῇ, εἰς τὸν αὐτοῦ.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ἀνακρεοντος. ὁ Τηϊὸς ἐνθάδε κυῖνος

ἔϋθι, χ' ἡ παιδῶν ζωοῖσιν μανίη.

Ἀκμὴν λειριούῃ μελιζέται ἀμφὶ Βαθυλλῶ

Ἰμερα καὶ κισσῷ λευκὸς οὐδ' ἀλιδος.

Οὐδ' Αἰδῆς σοὶ ἐρώϊας ἀπεσβείσει· ἐν δ' Ἀχαιοῖς

ὦν, ὅλος ὠδινεὺς Κυπριαὶ δερμοῖσιν.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade ;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which liv'd but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire !

And

———*the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar :

Multa Dircæum levat aura cyncum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Ἐν τοῖς μελιχοῖς Ἰμεροῖσι συνήροφον

Λυαὶ Ἀνακρεοντα, Τηϊὸν κυκνον,

Ἐσφηλας ὕγρη νεκίαρ μελήδονη.

Εὐγενες, Ἀνθολογ.

God of the grape ! thou hast betray'd !
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream !
The Teian, nurs'd with all those honied boys
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lip'd Joys !

And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
 Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;
 And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
 Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!
 Nor yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,
 Still, still it lights thee thro' the Elyfian grove;
 And dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,
 And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

Μολπῆς δ' ἢ ληθῇ μελίβερπε, ἀλλ' εἰ κείνο
 βαρβύλον ὕδρ' ὀνόμαζεν εἰν αἶδῃ.

Εἰμωνίδου, Ἀνθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute;
 Though dark within the tomb he lies;
 But living still, his amorous lute
 With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine;" though Le Fevre, in his *Poetes Grecs*, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus, †οἱ γυναικῶν.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopeus, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could never produce.

Τὸ αὐτὸ, εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφοῖν παρὰ λίθον Ἀνακρεῖοντος ἀμειβών,
 Εἰ τι τοῖ ἐκ βιβλῶν ἤλθεν ἑμῶν ὀφελός,
 Σπείσῃς ἐμὴ σποδὴν, σπείσῃς γάμος, ὄφρα κεν οἶνω
 Ὄσα γένησσι τάμα ἐοιζόμενα,
 Ὡς ὁ Διόνυσος μεμλημένος βασιῶν κῶμος,
 Ὡς ὁ φιλακρῆς συγροφὸς ἀρμονίας,
 Μῆδὲ καλῶς ἄριστος Βακχὺς διχα τῶν ὑποίσων
 Τὸν γενεὴ μερόπων χωρὸν ὀφειλόμενον.

OH! stranger, if Anacreon's shell
 Has ever taught thy heart to swell
 With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
 In pity turn; as wandering nigh,

And

The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from the tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

— if Anacreon's shell

Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may guess from the words ἐκ βιβλῶν ἑμῶν, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these Mr. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast:

Also

And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here !

So

Aussi c'est pour cela que la postérité
L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
Comme un frant gogue-nard, ami de goin-frerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his *Poetes Grecs*. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium :

Εἰς Ἀνακρεονίδου ἀνδριάντα.

Θάσσαι τον ἀνδριάντα τέλῳ, ὡ ζηνεῖ·
σπυδα, καὶ λεγ', ἔπαν ἐς οἶκον ἐνδης·
Ἀνακρεονίδος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τεῷ.
τῶν προσθ' εἰ τι περισσον ὠδοποιῶν.
προσθεις δὲ χαῖλι τοῖς νοοῖσιν ἰδέσθω,
εἰς ἀρεκῶς εἶλον τον ἀνδρα.

Upon the Statue of Anacreon.

Stranger ! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage ;
And you may say, returning to your home,
“ I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
“ Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page.”
Then, if you add “ that striplings lov'd him well,”
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me ; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

And drop the goblet's richest tear, &c.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet :

Καὶ μιν αἰετῶν νοῦτον δροσῶν, ὅς ὁ γαραιῶν
ἀρετῶν μαλακὸν ἐπνεῖν ἐκ γαμῶν.

So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
 With visions of enjoyment still.
 I cannot even in death resign
 The festal joys that once were mine,
 When Harmony pursu'd my ways,
 And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
 Oh ! if delight could charm no more,
 If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
 When fate had once our doom decreed,
 Then dying would be death indeed !
 Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
 Divinity itself divine !

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreath'd,
 Drop all their treasures on his head,
 Whose lips a dew of sweetness breath'd,
 Richer than vine hath ever shed !

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.] The original here is corrupted; the line *ὡς ὁ Διονυσος*, &c. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus :

ὡς ὁ Διονυσος ἐλεασμένον ὑπὸς καμῶν.

See Brunck, *Analecæ*, Veter. Post. Græc. vol. ii.

Te

Τὴ αὐλῇ, εἰς τὸν αὐλόν.

ἘΤΑΒΕΙΣ ἐν φθιμενοῖσιν, Ἀνακρεόν, εὐδλα ποησας
 εὐδα δ' ἡ γλυκερὴ νυκίλαλος κιθαρα,
 εὐδα καὶ Σμερδὶς, τὸ Ποδὼν εἶαρ, ὃ σὺ μελίσδων
 βαρβιτ', ἀνεκρυσ νεκλαρ ἐναρμονιῶν.
 ἦιδες γὰρ Ἐρῶλος ἐφύς σκοπας* εἰς δὲ σὺ μνην
 τοξα τε καὶ σκολαῖς εἰχεν ἐκηβολίας.

AT length thy golden hours have wing'd
 their flight,
 And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth ;
 Thy harp, that whisper'd through each linger-
 ing night,
 Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth !

She,

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

ὡς ὁ φιλακρῶν* τε καὶ οὐαλαρὺς φιλακρῶν*
 πατηχί* κρηνοὶ * τὴν φιλοπαῖδα χελυν.

Σιμωνίδῃ, εἰς Ἀνακρεῶντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
 To joys he lov'd on earth so well,
 Still shall his spirit, all the night,
 Attune the wild, ærial shell !

* Brumck has κρηνοὶ ; but κρηνοὶ, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

She, too, for whom the harp profusely shed
 The purest nectar of its numbers,
 She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
 And with her blest Anacreon slumbers !

Farewell !

She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The original, το ποδον
 αρε, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished
 so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress Eurypyle
 would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by
 Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by
 Antipater.

ἵγχα δὲ θεοκοιμένοισιν ἐν ὀμμασιν ὕλον κειδοίς,
 αἰδυσσάν λιπαρὸς ἀνδρὸς ὑπερθε πομπῆς,
 καὶ πρὸς Εὐρυπύλην τέτραμμένος

Long may the nymph around thee play,
 Eurypyle, thy soul's desire !
 Basking her beauties in the ray
 That lights thine eyes dissolving fire !

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
 Her every grace that warms and blesses ;
 Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
 The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, ἀνδρὸς πομπῆς, "the flower of the hair,"
 is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment
 of the poet preserved in Stobæus : ἀπικειρας δ' ἀπαλῆς ἀμωμον
 ἀνδρὸς.

The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus, says Brunch, in
 the prologue to the Satires of Persius :

Cantare credas Pegasæium nectar,

"Melos"

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
 That love could scatter from his quiver ;
 And every woman found in thee a heart,
 Which thou, with all thy fount, didst give her !

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it ; but "nectar," I think, is much more spirited.

Farewell ! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, &c.] σφους σπονδης, "scopus eras natura," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obfopæus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And every woman found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικων υπερσπευμα..

Τον δε γυναικων μελτων πλεξαντα περ' ωδας,
 "ἔδον Ανακρεοντα", Τεως εις Ἑλλαδ' αηγεν,
 Συμπεσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων υπερσπευμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
 Sage Anacreon, sage in loving ;
 Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
 For the maids who blush'd approving !

Oh ! in mighty banquets sporting,
 Where 's the guest could ever fly him ?
 Oh ! with love's seduction courting,
 Where's the nymph could e'er deny him ?

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard :
 Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

INDEX.

INDEX.

ODE		PAGE
1	I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure	33
2	Give me the harp of epic song	36
3	Listen to the Muse's lyre	37
4	Vulcan! hear your glorious task	38
5	Grave me a cup with brilliant grace	40
6	As late I fought the spangled bowers	42
7	The women tell me every day	44
8	I care not for the idle skate	46
9	I pray thee, by the gods above	48
10	Tell me how to punish thee	49
11	Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee	51
12	They tell how Atys, wild with love	53
13	I will; I will; the conflict's past	54
14	Count me, on the summer trees	57
15	Tell me, why, my sweetest dove	62
16	Thou, whose soft and rosy hues	64
17	And now, with all thy pencil's truth	70

ONE.	PAGE.
18 Now the star of day is high — —	76
19 Here recline you, gentle maid — —	79
20 One day, the Muses twin'd the hands — —	82
21 Observe when mother earth is dry — —	84
22 The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm — —	86
23 I often with this languid fyre — —	90
24 To all that breathe the airs of heaven — —	92
25 Once in each revolving year — —	95
26 Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms — —	97
27 We read the flying courser's name — —	98
28 As in the Lemnian cave of fire — —	99
29 Yes—loving is a painful thrill — —	102
30 'T was in an airy dream of night — —	105
31 Arm'd with hyacinthine rod — —	106
32 Strew me a breathing bed of leaves — —	108
33 'T was noon of night, when round the pole — —	110
34 Oh thou, of all creation blest — —	113
35 Cupid once, upon a bed — —	116
36 If hoarded gold possess'd a power — —	119
37 'T was night, and many a circling bowl — —	121
38 Let us drain the nectar'd bowl — —	123
39 How I love the festive boy — —	126
40 'I know that Heaven ordains me here — —	127
41 When Spring begins the dewy scene — —	128
44 Yet, be the glorious revel mine — —	129
43 While our rosy afflicts shed — —	132

INDEX.

213

ODE.	PAGE.
44 Buds of roses, virgin flowers	134
45 Within the goblet, rich and deep	136
46 See the young, the rosy Spring	137
47 'T is true my fading years decline	139
48 When my thirsty soul I steep	140
49 When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy	142
50 When I drink, I feel, I feel	143
51 Fly not thus my brow of snow	146
52 Away, away, you men of rules	148
53 When I beheld the festive train	150
54 Methinks, the pictur'd bull we see	151
55 While we invoke the wreathed Spring	153
56 He, who instructs the youthful crew	159
57 And whose immortal hand could shed	161
58 When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion	162
59 Sabled by the solar beam	167
60 Awake to life, my dulcet shell	170
61 Golden hues of youth are fled	174
62 Fill me, boy, as deep a draught	176
63 To love, the soft and blooming child	178
64 Haste thee, nymph, whose winged spear	180
65 Like some wanton filly sporting	180
66 To thee, the queen of nymphs divine	181
67 Gentle youth! whose looks assume	183
68 Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn	185
69 Now Neptune's fullen month appears	186

ODE.		PAGE.
70	They wove the lotus band to deck	— 187
71	A broken cake, with honey sweet	— 188
72	With twenty chords my lyre is hung	— 189
73	Fare thee well, perfidious maid	— 190
74	I bloom'd awhile, an happy flower	— 191
75	Monarch Love! resistless boy	— 191
76	Spirit of Love, whose tresses shine	— 192
77	Hither, gentle Muse of mine	— 193
78	Would that I were a tuneful lyre	— 195
79	When Cupid sees my beard of snow	— 195
	Fragments, &c.	— 196



THE END.

46 — 1
 48 — 1a
 54
 129 — 2
 10 — 3